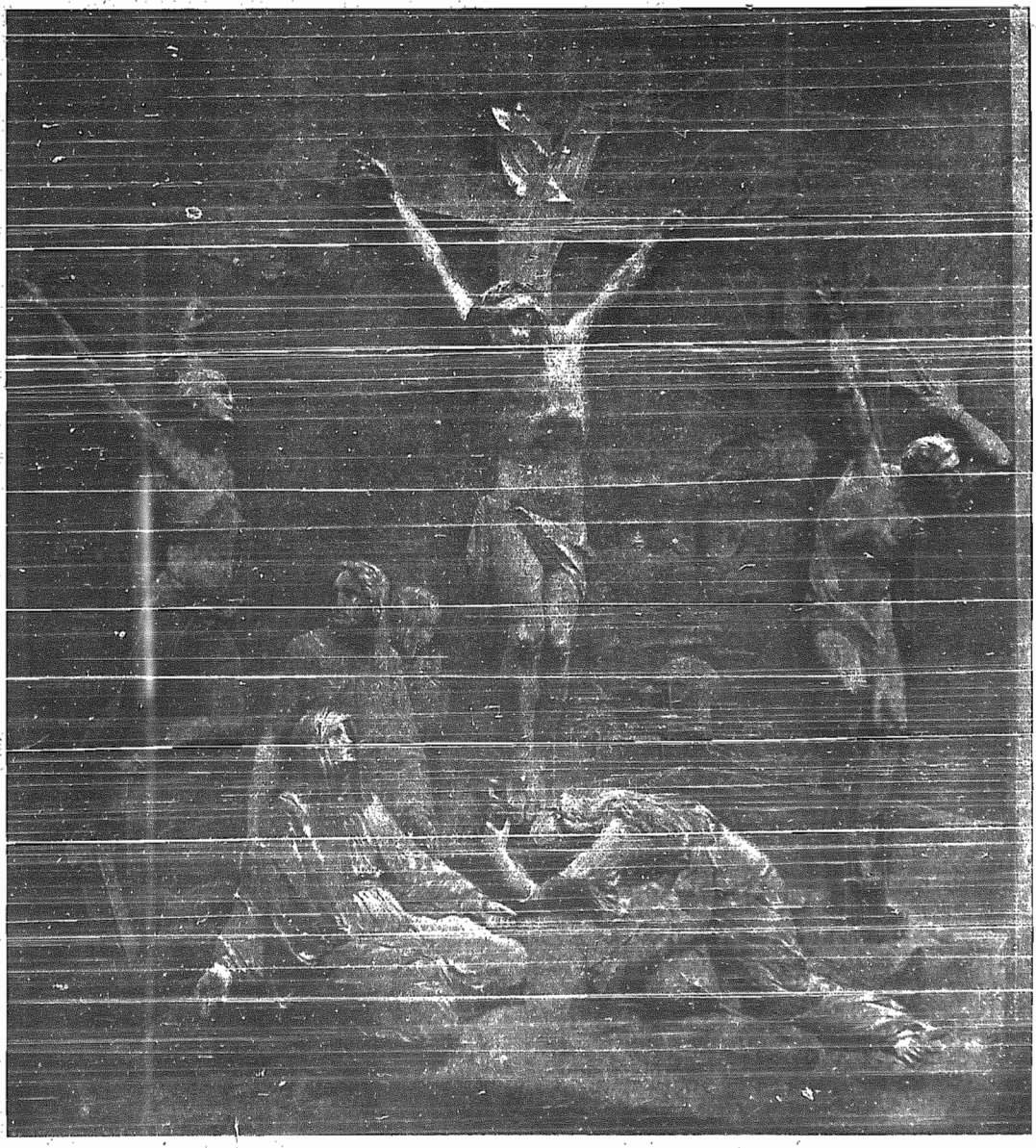
THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 8. | WILLIAM BOOTH, General. | TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1898. | EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. | Price, 5 Cents.



THE SUPREME SELF-SACRIFICE.

Bliss and Blister.

Faith can see in the dark.

A secret told is a lie twofold.

Worldliness is world-like-ness.

The worst sinner is a possible saint.

Have faith in God, not in your faith.

Idleness is the devil's waiting-room.

The delight to do right is the right delight.

Patience is the storage battery of strength.

Prayer is good at all times, and best at the worst times.

That man needs Christ most who thinks he needs Him least.

Prayer is the parent of piety and the pioneer of prosperity.

Do the best you know, and you will soon know what is best to do.

He who casts stones at others makes himself a target for their return.

Don't have such broad views that you can't get them through the narrow way.

If we owe God a debt, He helps us pay it. If we owe man, he requires usury.

The old Egyptians had a plague of flies, modern civilization has the plague of lies.

Some men like to mistake the echoes of their desires for the voice of conscience.

Honesty is a jewel, but that is no reason why you should keep it for special occasions.

Do not let the Divinity of Christ so dazzle your eyes that you cannot see the possibility of following Him.

Each human thing can something do
To help the world along;
God hears the chirp of the cricket
As He hears the angel's song.

To live for others, suppressing, subordinating self for the good of others, after matters have been squared between the soul and God, is the highest ideal, the most inspiring principle of the Christian's efforts.

A Child Again.

By S. SMITH, Revelstoke.

There he stood, night after night, on the street and listened as the Army stood in the open-air, to the soldiers who sang and spoke of a risen Saviour.

He had often heard the Word of God spoken in other places, but he cared little about it then.

He had often heard the call to surrender, but he would not yield. His thoughts ran back to his home and mother, to the childish prayer that he used to say at her knee, and he longed to be a child again.

He remembered the lesson she taught him of Jesus of Nazareth, and how wicked men had cried, "Crucify Him!"

He remembered when he was leaving home to battle with the world, how mother knelt and prayed to God to guide and protect her wandering boy; he thought of the promise he had made to her as he kissed her good-bye, that he would be good and learn to serve God, when he gazed upon her for the last time perhaps forever. He thought how easy it would be for him to get along, but, alas! temptation after temptation arose, he yielded, and away he sped down the broad road, never thinking of what he was doing, until he heard the good old Army speak of Jesus crucified.

He began to realize his fallen position, and he longed to be a child of God.

While standing there he thought of all those things; he heard the invitation to come to the barracks, he followed the march and entered the hall.

There he sat, wrapped in the mantle of conviction. There was a great load resting upon his heart and his face wore an expression of pain. Why? Because the sins of years had left their sting behind; yet he was determined to now make his resolves go d.

He felt God's Spirit working in his soul. His head dropped on the back of the chair, and there he sat, perhaps in prayer, for he was deeply convicted of his sin. When the prayer meeting started the Captain went and spoke to him. The soldiers prayed that some erring soul might get saved. They sang,

"You've carried your burden,
You've carried it long,"

when, like one waking from a dream, he rose to his feet, and making his way to the penitent form, wrestled with God for his soul's salvation. On, on the comrades prayed and sang; on, on the soul struggles until victory comes.

Then this comrade rose and testified to what God had done for him.

He is now a soldier of the S. A. You can see and hear him almost any time you come to Revelstoke, because he belongs to this corps and praises God with all his might, because he is a child again—but born of God.

Modern Book of Proverbs.

COLLECTED BY SOLOMON SMALL.

I.—SICILIAN PROVERBS.

"When scandal delights a man, beware of him as a wild beast."

"When an enemy is in thy gate, thy most sacred confidences are in danger."

"The forward man is a dangerous man; there is more hope of a fool than of him."

"If one cometh to thee with an evil report of thy rival, be thou aware of him, for he is seeking thy hurt."

"Have no secrets for the gossip, for he will betray thee to thy hurt, and lie about thee without the gates."

"Be thou watchful of the man that praises thee to thy face, he will most likely curse thee behind thy back."

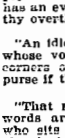
"He that lieth for gain, will, if occasion arises, steal thy stuff and seek to lay the charge at the door of thy neighbor."

"Shun thou the man who seeks to pry into thy neighbor's affairs, for he has an evil heart within him and seeks thy overthrow."

"An idle man who will not work, but whose voice is heard begging on the corners of the streets, will steal thy purse if thou admit him to thy house."

"That man is not of Israel, whose words are against his brother; and who sits in the gates to say, ah, ha, ah, ah, in sport of the passerby from whom he cannot borrow and not return."

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.



TO those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAJOR SHESTON, S. A Temple, Toronto.

CORNERED.

A Dialogue Between Captain Peacock and a Fish Peddler.

Capt. Peacock: "Are you saved, my brother?"

Fish Pedlr.: "Saved? No! I shall be saved when I get to heaven. I don't believe anybody can know they are saved until they are safe in the arms of Jesus. I HOPE to get to heaven."

C. P.: "Why, my dear old dad, how do you expect to get to heaven if you don't believe you can be saved from sin on earth? The Bible says, 'No sin can enter heaven.' I believe and know, that a man can be saved and kept from sin every day."

F. P.: "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

C. P.: "Yes, that's all right, but what does it say in the next verse? 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

F. P.: "It is impossible to live without sin. Why, we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and live in sin every day."

C. P.: "I'll tell you what God has done for me:—I felt I was a sinner—a damned sinner; that is, there was nothing but despair and eternal ruin for me, if I did not seek God's forgiveness; and when God came into my heart He turned out all the wrong, and gave me grace and power to resist every temptation, and now he keeps me living without sin continually. That's what He has done for me, and He can do it for you."

F. P.: "Ahem—er—Here's your fish; twenty cents, please. I must be going."—Capt. Griffiths.

"He Pleased Not Himself."

I have thought a very great deal about the real meaning of Self-Denial, and over and over in response to the question, my heart whispered the words "He pleased not Himself." On Him, on Jesus, have I thought—not only on one week, but on all the weeks and years of that self-denying life. The above word might so truly have been written over the Manger where He was born, and still more deeply engraved upon the Cross where he died! Self-Denial was the all-prevalent feature of His existence. It was ALL Self-Denial. Right through His history, there flowed the clear, crystal stream of pure unselfisiness, splashing its silvery waves over the parched and thirsty hearts of those around Him. It was for others He lived, and for others He died, and oh! what glorious results.

COMMISSIONER LUCY BOOTH-HELLBERG.

Queer Quebec Anecdotes.

By ENSIGN PARKER.

Of course S.-D. is the topic of the hour. Now, here's a story about that. Sister —— thought she could not collect for Self-Denial, though she had done well for H. F.. However, she finally resolved to trust God to open up the way for her, and took a card. Then she lost her comb, and while hunting for it, found $3. Upon returning it to the owner she was given $1 for S.-D.. As she has two more half dollar promises her target is in danger of being smashed before S.-D. week begins.

Let me tell you another story. One friend has a target of $1. She lay awake the first night till nearly morning, THINKING and PLANNING. A confused jumble of tickets, collecting cards, letters and dollars, danced through her brain till near morning. When they got arranged in proper order a beautiful scheme was the result, the preliminaries of which were successfully launched the next day, and another target will go to smash.

My personal target? I'll tell you a story. In the days of my early Captaincy I was stationed once in a little village in the old Kingston Division, called C——. There was a peculiar individual who backslid very often. He rose in a meeting and said thus, "I have backslid six times. Christian friends, it's a fight." As to my target. "Christian friends," etc.

About souls. Oh, yes, we get some souls here. One of the Shelter men came to the penitent form a week ago.

Last night was a warm time. A dear French Missionary, who was converted to God in jail four years ago yesterday, celebrated the anniversary by a hard day's work in the French Church, then came to the Salvation Army and gave us a stirring address on salvation from sin. A large crowd held on till the close of the meeting, about 10 o'clock.

Speaking of full salvation, I received a letter from a Christian lady the other day. She attended our meetings some weeks ago and came forward for sanctification. She declares that God has truly and fully saved her, and now she has victory through Jesus. She has become an enthusiastic friend of the S. A.

Say, Mr. Editor, the War Cry is superb. Those serial stories, those short stories, those funny stories with good morals, those solemn stories, those reports, those illustrations, all for two cents, is tremendous. Farewell.

He Saw Joe Beef's.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

As I had to stay over in Montreal on Sunday to make connections, I paid a visit to your Salvation Shelter, better known as "Joe Beef's," and was very much interested in the work that is being done there. I was present at both dinner and tea, and saw the good meals that were served to the men at such a cheap rate, that a man would have to be pretty poor if he could not get at least enough to keep the wolf of starvation away. I also went through the whole place, from floor to roof, and saw the beds at from 5 to 25 cents each, and think that this place is laid out to suit almost all classes of working men. The officer informed my companion and myself that the beds and the dining room are well patronised.

In addition to this the spiritual welfare of the men receive attention. Just about half-past ten in the morning the brass band from one of the regular S. A. corps, with the officers and a number of the soldiers, came and held an open-air in front of the Shelter. As soon as this was over the officers from the French corps had a meeting inside the building with the men. This was conducted for the most part in French, one of the officers spoke in English also. In the afternoon there was another meeting. This, they informed me, was a regular thing, but on this occasion there was a special time, as Brigadier Pugmire, who was passing through the city, was there, and conducted the meeting. He sang a very nice song and gave the men a good talk. Some others also took part, amongst the others was Major Collier, of the East. Your Army has a couple of fine men in these two officers. I might say that there were 95 men present in the morning and an audience of over one hundred in the afternoon. I fancy this was more than you would find at some of the large barracks, and also at some of the churches, even in the city.

Ensign Collier and his aides seem happy in their work and love the men among whom they work. They have a good influence over them, and while I was there the Ensign had a letter from a former employee, who had left some time ago on account of getting drunk, in which he begged for another chance. As I sat and looked at these dear fellows, I wept to think of their condition, and thanked God for the S. A., for if this was taken away they would have few, if any, friends at all. I can only say God bless you as an Army in this work of seeking to help the lowest.—Yours, "Traveller."

LOVE, UNSELFISHNESS, OR SELF-DENIAL is greater than faith. It is greater than charity, because the whole is greater than a part. Charity, or self-denial, is only a little bit of love, one of the innumerable evidences of love, and there is a great deal of charity without love.

It is a very easy thing to toss a copper to a beggar on the street. It is generally an easier thing than not to do it, yet love is just as often in the withholding. We often purchase relief from the sympathetic feeling aroused by the spectacle of misery at the copper's cost. It is too cheap for us and often too dear for the beggar. If we really loved him we would either do more for him or less.

You may take every accomplishment, you may be braced for every sacrifice, but if you give your body to be burned, and have not love for self-denial, it will profit you and the cause of Christ nothing.—Drummond.

The Field Commissioner's Open Letter

TO THE

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

To be Read by the Commanding Officer in the Afternoon and Evening Meetings on Sunday, November 20th.

MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS;

WE can scarcely realize that the circling of another year finds our feet upon the threshold of one more Self-Denial effort. The vibrations of last year's battle have not yet died upon our ears. The recollections of its desperate and determined effort to push the claims of our warfare are still freshly with us, and the chief impetus for the new fight now before us springs from the triumph climaxing all previous achievements won in 1897. Last year's was a victory which made the world wonder. It was a victory financially, giving us funds to advance our work. It was a victory spiritually, giving triumphs over weaknesses, and bringing new blessings to the souls of those who sacrificed for its end. It was a victory in making stronger the links in love's chain which bind us to our blood-washed comrades all round the world. For so glorious a triumph let us again give God the glory, here and now, while we sing;

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
And down before Him fall:
To all the world His love proclaim,
And crown Him Lord of all."

BUT in the Salvation Army there is a sense in which we cannot stay to look behind us, neither to mourn our misfortunes, nor rejoice over our triumphs. The needs of the future are too great and too urgent, and looking them in the face with a painful realization of my personal responsibility to scheme for their meeting, I am constrained to turn to you, my dear comrades and friends, once again and ask you to help me. Your quick readiness to stand by me in past efforts has made me to love you, and love you much, and has as well I think bespoken perhaps louder than anything else, your love for me and our work. By reason of this love declared I cannot but expect you to do the same again.

THE EFFORT IS REPEATED BECAUSE THE NEED IS SO REPEATED.

All the powers of hell are ever thrusting upon the path of time new works of sin and sorrow. We must be equal to the demand and step once more to the front of the fight. The war in Asia, Africa, South America, the West Indies and elsewhere must go forward. The work in this Territory must be maintained and extended. The training of officers m st be continued. Our Junior operations must be doubled. The sick and wounded officers must be assisted. Our Social effort must be increased; the criminal coming from his cell, the poor, poor girls on the streets, the friendless little children, and the starving pauper must all and each have another chance. Let us appeal to the Redeemer of the world and sing;

"O Thou God of every nation,
We will for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the fire of Heaven fall;
Bless our Army! With Thy power baptize us all."

NOW I turn to you with all my heart and ask you to do your part to help us with your Self-Denial to break all past records. Give all you can, and persuade others to give all they can. Right at the onstart, get in touch with Calvary's Spirit, seek from Heaven's best and choicest fountains new and living grace, so that while sharing in the battle and strife you may share in the deepest meaning of the week—in the cross-bearing and sacrifice. Here and now I promise you to do my full part, and that my prayers and my sympathy shall be with you in your every effort.

Yours for the Salvation of all men,

Evangeline Booth

Field Commissioner.

Watchword for the Week:

"None of Self, but all of Thee."

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth,
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

Self-Denial Forget-Me-Nots.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.

Speak out in acts, the time for words
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice.

Follow with reverent steps the great Example
Of Him Whose holy work was "doing good."

But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords.

To do is to succeed—our fight
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight,
The smile of God is VICTORY.

Daily Tonic.

SEVEN SELF-DENIERS.

SUNDAY.—SACRIFICE AS A TEST.

Gen. xxii. 1-12.

The command to sacrifice his son was the greatest test to Abraham's consecration. He obeyed it unhesitatingly, unreservedly and at once. God, satisfied with His servant's spirit, took the will for the deed. If He asks this week for the laying on the altar of your dearest, remember that in your answer He will prove the depth of your oft-spoken love to Himself.

MONDAY.—A COSTLY OFFERING.

I Sam. xxiii. 15-17.

That water was to thirsty David more, at the moment, than the whole of his kingdom. Yet he sacrificed every drop of it. How much will your personal gift cost you? Could you have the ingratitude to offer God that for which you do not care, or no more than you can well do without!

TUESDAY.—A SMALL GIFT MADE GREAT.

John v. 5-14.

What all the purses in that crowd could not do, a little lad's frugal dinner in the hands of Jesus accomplished. Probably the boy thought he was giving up his dinner to put it at Jesus' disposal. But those who lend to the Lord never go hungry. Don't despair of having anything to give because you only possess so little. Christ will not fail to receive and multiply it.

WEDNESDAY.—NOT MUCH, BUT ALL.

Mark xi. 41-44.

If all who cast into the treasury had given in proportion as did one poor woman, the expenses of the Temple would have been met for years to come. It is a common saying that God looks not at what you give, but at what you have left, and in His ears your remark about 25c. being your "mite" for Self-Denial is but so much cant, if your purse is well lined with paper.

THURSDAY.—CONSECRATION FOR LIFE.

Matt. iv. 18-22.

James and John received their call to the work suddenly, and obeyed it in the same hour. Neither home nor business should stand in the way. Their's was a blind consecration, for they knew not to what perils or poverties they are going, but it was none the less a blessed one. If Self-Denial Week suggests the offering of yourself as well as your purse—your whole life, as well as a few hours collectings—will you be as ready to follow?

FRIDAY.—THE KEEPING OF A CONSECRATION.

Judges xi. 29-35.

Jephthah had made a great promise in his zeal to God's war, and God took him at his word. He had said, "Whatsoever," and the keeping of his vow had meant the sacrifice of his daughter. Yet what steadfastness in his "I cannot go back." If on God's roll there are registered to your name vows of holy consecration and sacrifice, let your action be as Jephthah's, though it costs your heart's treasure to keep it, rather than that of Ananias, "who kept back part of the price."

SATURDAY.—PRACTICAL COMPASSION.

Luke x. 30-37.

A self-denying nature does not deal in words of sympathy only, but in deeds of practical help. The time and money of the Good Samaritan were both at the disposal of the needy stranger. Self-Denial hears a call wherever it sees a need.

Porridge and a Pricked Finger.

No one knew it.

She came to the meetings as often as ever. Her's was a long walk, but she seldom missed open-air. Her faded uniform and bent bonnet were always in their accustomed corner. Testifying always a great cross, was bravely taken up. Sister Simmons had no flow of language and a particularly unmusical and squeaky voice. It was only because there was that about her that compelled belief that silenced the jests of the flippant at her earnest efforts to express herself audibly and coherently.

Sister Simmons was unrelentingly on duty while there were souls to be saved. She rarely left the barracks while there was a sinner in the place. If she stayed a little later on Self-Denial Sunday, prayed a little harder, and looked a little wearier, everybody took it as a matter of course. Alone she climbed up the one little room which represented the lonely woman's home. Unlocking the door she pulled from the stove a simmering oatmeal crock and poured some porridge on to a plate. The fire had had none to tend it and had lowered down to a smoulder, much to the detriment of the porridge. There was a pinch of salt but no milk. Sister Simmons ate the untasty fare contentedly if not with a relish. It was her third meal of porridge that day, and her bill of fare promised nothing else for the next seven days.

But no one knew.

* * * *

Susannah Simmons was an old maid. She knew it, and was quite content that others should accept the fact. What romance there had been in her life was long since buried, but over its grave waved such flowers of sister compassion and comrade affection that her life was only prosaic to people who had no sight with which to see the rare beauties of soul which she possessed.

An old maid's hand is not the object of great interest, and none noticed anything strange about her left one at this time. It was always so tell-worn and thin, and a nervous twitching when the cotton glove was withdrawn was never seen. The only change in Sister Simmon's attitude was that her habit of sitting with one hand held fast over the other was these days invariably maintained. A few times she had wound her handkerchief tightly around her forefinger, and once there had been a spot of crimson on the white when she had removed it.

For weeks that regular figure had been bending over needless sewing in long hours of self-appointed exertion, and every night she had crept to bed somewhere near the dawn with weakened eyes and a finger that was raw with the continual prickings of her flying needle.

But no one knew.

* * * *

They were pressed for funds—no new things in the Salvation Army. Homes were full and heavy to finance, and case after case of heart-rending need knocked importunately for admittance. Social officers were tempted to despair.

One day, however, a thicker envelope tumbled onto the Secretary's table. She picked it up, but not eagerly—it was a scrawled envelope and contained probably the anxious voicing of some needy claim—alas! so hard to have to go unheeded. A sigh may have escaped the Secretary's lips as she slipped the cutter through the flap. But it was smothered as she let fall the contents on her desk. Fifty dollars in bills! A piece of paper wrapped up the substantial donation on which was traced in feeble characters:

"The Self-Denial savings of a poor seamstress."

But there were few people in her corps who guessed at one of the many means by which that fifty dollars was brought together—and only God knew the whole story.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Buffalo, N.Y. . . Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.
Halifax, N.S. . . . do . . . . . do . . November 27th and 28th.
Truro, N.S. . . . . Tuesday, November 29th.
St John, N.B. . . . . Thursday, December 1st.
Montreal, ... Sunday, December 4th.
Toronto Pavilion, ... Sunday, December 18th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.

Points for Pushing Self-Deniers.

P—ricking other people's gifts on your card does not do away with the necessity for your own sacrifice.

R—emembering God's great Gift will help you to select your own.

A—nxiety to succeed goes a long way towards getting people to give.

Y—ou will not accomplish more than you aim at.

E—nthusiasm is as indespensable to victorious collecting as is hard work.

R—ead, mark, learn, and inwardly digest every scrap of Self-Denial instruction in the Cry, and put it into immediate practice.

P—ut not a few but as many hours as you can in the work of the Week.

E—ase is outside of a Self-Denier's calculations.

R—eaping can only result from sowing.

S—mashing your corps target can only be possible by the united and individual effort of every soldier.

I—dleness is always unpleasant and absolutely inexcuseable during Self-Denial Week.

S—acrifice leaves a stamp upon your character that all the days of your life can never efface.

T—rust in God and don't worry about the morrow. Work as hard as you can in every "to-day."

E—very little helps to make the much, and God's eye misses none.

N—othing given—nothing done—would be too dreadful a looking back for any soldier of the Cross or Flag.

C—andies are deemed luxuries by some people—poisons by others, but unnecessaries by all Self-Deniers.

E—nter all you get on your card, collect all entered thereon, and hand both in to your Captain not later than Dec. 1st.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

John i. 35-51.

John's testimony concerning Jesus was a beautiful finish to an unselfish, fearless and faithful career, and an intimation to those who had followed him that his star was not setting, and that the Sun of Righteousness had risen.

Verse 36.—Standing with his two disciples, John looked upon Jesus as He walked, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God." The two disciples heard him speak and followed Jesus. They followed Him but had not the courage to speak to Him.

Verse 38.—"What Seek Ye."—Note their reply to this question. "Master, where dwellest Thou?" They came to Him that He might teach them. He invited them to His place of abode and they accepted the invitation. What transpired during the time they were in such close communication, we cannot say, but there is no doubt the impressions made upon their hearts helped to decide their future.

One of the two which heard John speak and followed Jesus, was Andrew. Simon Peter's brother, the other disciple was John, the writer of this Gospel.

Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Jesus. He had a magnetic fascination about him. He it was who brought the Greeks to Jesus, also the lad with the barley loaves, in addition to his own brother. Scarcely anything else is recorded of him. It is very probable had there been on Andrew there would have been no Peter (who afterwards became so great a power in preaching the Gospel). When Andrew found Peter and said unto him, "We have found the Messias." This was a great and joyous discovery, for the world had been looking for Him since the first promise was made concerning Him so many centuries before.

Verse 42.—Bringing him to Jesus resulted in Peter being transformed. Instead of spending his time catching fish, Jesus wants him to go and preach the Gospel. We can all copy with advantage the way Andrew went to work as soon as he knew Jesus to bring someone else to Him. When Jesus beheld Peter He saw beneath the rough exterior there was the warm, impulsive heart, that taken hold of and filled with the Spirit of God, would help to bring about a spiritual revolution in the world. Christ had a marvellous insight into the character of men. He weighed His disciples up and proved their sincerity. He does not want an unwilling service.

Verse 43.—Jesus went forth into Galilee the next day and findeth Philip. How or where is of no consequence, but the meeting was not accidental. Nothing happens by chance with God. The calling of Philip is the first time the words "Follow Me" are used—words that express the innocent meaning of Christ's Gospel. There was a ready response, followed by a strong desire for someone else to find the same Christ. Philip and Nathanael were earnest readers of the Old Testament Scripture, so that when Philip comes with the startling news, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," Nathanael cast a doubt upon the truth of what he has heard.

How wisely Philip answers, "Come and see." Jesus saw the doubter coming, but is not angry with him, but met him with an expression of confidence in his sincerity—describes his character so well that Nathanael is surprised.

Verse 48.—Even before Jesus had called Philip His eye had fallen upon Nathanael, and when he thought no eye was upon him, Jesus had seen him—probably at prayer—and saw what was acceptable to Him. No longer doubting what Philip had told him he confesses that Jesus is the Son of God and the King of Israel.

Verse 50.—Further and stronger proofs of the Messiahship of Jesus. This was manifested in the miracles and by the death and resurrection of Jesus. The order in which the first disciples were called shows the method by which the Christian Church was established. John points to the Lamb of God. Andrew and John follow Jesus. Andrew finds Peter. Jesus findeth Philip. Philip findeth Nathanael. There is nothing little in the Kingdom of God. Small beginnings, or things that are of apparently little importance, are often pregnant with the most vital and far-reaching results.

MEMORY TEXT.

"And he brought him to Jesus."

When God calls to the feast, you may be sure that He has something exactly suited to you.

ABANDONED.

By BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

NEVER have I seen a picture—and I can recollect many excellent paintings, the contemplation of which always affords me intense pleasure — which in a more striking and a more appealing manner illustrates the attribute "abandoned," which Webster defines: "wholly forsaken or deserted," than the painting reproduced on this page.

The regiment has marched on; the weary and lightly wounded ones following behind, their baggage and arms being carried in primitive peasants' waggons, driven by a few more seriously wounded soldiers.

For some days the leaden sky has wept rivers of tears, as if it wanted to wash away from the face of the earth, the blood-stains left by the recent battle in which thousands of young men, the very flower of two countries, were slaughtered, or, as others put it, sacrificed their lives upon the altar of "National Honor," as this crimson-hued bubble is called by people who know nothing of war, except what they read in newspapers and hear of in patriotic speeches.

ABANDONED.

The country roads winding across the stretching plains of Northern Europe, bad in the best of seasons, had become almost impassable, for the tramp of thousands of soldiers' feet and the ponderous wheels of gun-carriages, have converted them into an ever-broadening morass of spongey clay. The mighty moving army with its solid front columns thinning down gradually to the weary stragglers in the rear had assumed the shape of a gigantic exclamation note, the final dot of which was marked by a panting team of horses, hardly able to pull the clumsy vehicle any farther through the soft soil. The driver is a pale young soldier, who, with set teeth, clutches with one hand the badly adjusted bandage over the wound in his side, while the other hand listlessly holds the reins. Like many before him he drives slowly along the outer edge of the marshy road where the ground is a little firmer. His own suffering makes him a little more considerate of the over-worked horses. Presently his chilled fingers feels his warm life-blood flowing afresh, for the jolts of the waggon have loosened the coarse bandage; the pains become sharper—he sets his teeth, leans back and shuts his eyes.

Only a few weeks ago he had kissed the lips of parents and loved ones, when bidding them good-bye to eagerly obey the call to the battle field. His heart had welled with lofty patriotism and visions of the glory of heroic deeds monopolized his thoughts. The brutal realities of the first engagement with the enemy, however, had dispelled the rosy mist of anticipation and the "Glories of War" looked rather horrible when viewed surrounded by mangled bodies, severed limbs, while the groans of the dying and mingled curses, shrieks and prayers of the wounded filled the ears, and hissing shot, whistling bullets and exploding shells scattered death on every hand.

A pitiful moan of one of the horses, and the sudden stop of the cart recalled the fainting driver from his reveries: the off horse stood trembling from head to foot, and in a moment fell dead to the ground. With a painful effort the soldier dismounted to cut the traces to free he cart from the dead animal—the exertion is too much—exhausted he falls to the ground, the blood flows unchecked—only one more soldier dead. Who takes notice of one more or less in the time of war, when death conducts its business on a wholesale line?

There it stands, the one live creature left, with drenched skin, the cutting east wind chilling it to the bones—it has broken the straps, but the stout iron chain fastened to the tongue holds it a prisoner; its companion in suffering is dead; the silent sympathy of the sick soldier, which, before his death had been to the sensitive animal its only comfort, had ceased. With wailing whinnying it calls for help—but there was no help—none! It is forsaken, left alone to die the slow death of exposure and starvation—abandoned!

"Oh, it is only a horse," someone says. Yes, only a horse, but a horse costs money and for that reason, if for no other, must be taken care of. Therefore, we seldom hear of a horse being wilfully abandoned, but abandoned men, women and children we can find in every town and city. Only in to-day's paper my eye was arrested by the following paragraph:

ENDED HER LIFE.

A Young Woman Becomes Disheartened and Drinks Carbolic Acid.

A young woman well known to the police, who has of late masqueraded under the name of Edna Leslie, entered the restaurant of Mrs. Ford, 151 King street west, late last night and asked for some supper. She was well known in the place, and as she gave her order she entered into conversation with the waiter.

"Do you ever feel as if you wanted to die?" she asked Mrs. Ford.

"Why, no, girl," replied the proprietress.

"Well, I feel that way now," said the young woman.

As it was seen that the girl was in a moody frame of mind nothing more was said to her, and she was left alone in the dining room until she suddenly screamed to Mrs. Ford. "I've taken carbolic acid, help me to lie down," she cried. Mrs. Ford laid her hastily on a couch made of chairs placed together, and her son went to the door and called Policeman Childs, who was passing. Drs. Garratt, of Bay street, and Graham, of the Emergency Hospital, were summoned, but they could do nothing. The girl was dead. A vial with a little carbolic acid in it lay beside her.

No One Claimed the Remains,

and Edna Leslie had had evidently no home, for in the crowd of her associates which gathered there was no one who could tell where she lived, and no one who offered to see that she had a proper burial. So her bedraggled body was carted away in the police patrol waggon to the Morgue, where it now lies on a slab, awaiting the surgeons, who will make a post-mortem examination.

Years ago, when Edna Leslie first became known to the police along York and King streets, she was a pretty blonde girl, not out of her teens. Her name was M——K——, then, and when she was arrested one night on a charge of vagrancy she told the sergeant who locked her up of her respectable parents near S——. The girl sank lower and lower, becoming a familiar figure in the Police Court, and in the drinking dens about York street. When safety bicycles were introduced she was among the first to use them, and she delighted in the name of "Bicycle Mag," which the police gave her. Her wild life brought on consumption at last, and she was admitted to the General Hospital twice on orders issued by Drs. Garratt and Shear respectively. Three weeks ago she was discharged from St. Michael's Hospital, and since then she seems to have had no settled place of abode. Some time ago while living in a resort on Front street she attempted suicide, using carbolic acid, but a doctor saved her life. Edna Leslie was twenty-three years old, and she was so weakened by disease that at her death she weighed but little over ninety pounds.

The above case is not an isolated one. The daily papers team with incidents of a similar character; they arouse for the moment a flutter of sentimental pity, which causes people to think they are wonderfully good and charitable, and to-morrow it is forgotten.

Are these things not known to be facts, and do they not hear out the saying that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives?" This cold-blooded, heartless indifference of our much-boasted civilization that permits the existence of an army of outcasts must be a standing accusation, crying down the wrath of an avenging justice upon humanity.

The Social Work of the Salvation Army with its Rescue Homes for fallen girls, Institutions for destitute men and Shelter for abandoned children, is endeavoring to sever the iron chains of the submerged tenth of humanity, because we have put a price upon their souls; even the value which Jesus, the Son of God, put upon them. He came to seek and died to save them.

You, my friend, YOU will have a splendid opportunity to prove to your own conscience and to God the proper, practical value of your sympathy with the poor, the helpless, the suffering and the outcast by joining us in the purpose of our Self-Denial Week. Deny yourself for the sake of the "Abandoned," and by your contribution help our devoted self-casrificing officers in their work of Social and Spiritual salvation for the worst. God will truly bless you in return.

The family altar has altered many a family.

The sin which has been soaked in the tears of repentance is easiest washed away.

ONE OF MANY.

Life Sketch of Thomas Gillies, the Saved Drunkard.

By HIMSELF.

(Concluded.)

It was the same way in the States, no matter what I worked at, I spent all in drink. I travelled thousands of miles from one place to another, sleeping out in all kinds of weather, in barns, stables, school-houses, and any place I came across, and many a time I was without any shelter at all. I have awakened in the morning in January or Februnry, and found the hair of my head frozen solid to the ground, and my hands and feet badly frozen.

Since I returned from the U. S. I have been working in Chatham, Ont., most of my time, but everything I made went for drink. Since coming here I have paid hundreds of dollars in fines, all for being drunk. Besides that I have spent over two years in

"Castle Mercer,"

and six months in the Central Prison at Toronto, besides different terms in Hamilton. It was the same in every other town in which I have been. I have travelled nearly all over Canada, but was never out of trouble.

I never went to church, though I was often asked to join one, and would have done so long years ago, but I did not see any difference between a church member and myself, therefore I thought I was better to stay the way I was than be a hypocrite. I made up my mind that if I ever became a Christian, I would serve God faithfully.

Last July I got on a big drunk and kept it up for six months; I got arrested three times during that spree. The first time I got ten days, but was just as bad when released. Next I received fifteen days, but was not out two hours before I was drunk again. The third time I got twenty-one days. When I came out I kept it up just the same, always had a bottle along with me.

But there was one day I will never forget! It was December 8th, '94. I was very drunk and got a bottle to take home with me. I stopped at a shoe-store on my way; there was an old vacant room up above it and I went and lay down on the floor. It was awful cold, but it was better than being out doors, and I knew I would be arrested there. After I woke up I was in a

Terrible State of Mind,

and suffering in body, and made up my mind that if the Lord spared my life till night, I would serve Him all the days of my life.

I got up then and there and started off for the Salvation Army quarters. I remained there till meeting time, and when the invitation was given, I went forward and gave up everything I knew to be wrong in the sight of God. From that time till now, I thank God, I have had no appetite for drink, and it is my determination to prove true to the vows I've made. It was some time before I got victory over the tobacco, but through prayer and faith I came off conqueror. The devil tries me in all kinds of ways, yet I know by simply trusting myself to Jesus, He keeps and never forsakes me. I mean to die a true soldier of Jesus Christ.

I know without a doubt that any person, no matter how far down in sin they are, if they will only ask the Lord in faith for cleansing, He will hear their prayer and give them victory. If it were not for the goodness of God I would have been killed long ago. I went through enough hardships to kill half a dozen ordinary men, besides getting into rows when drunk. Once I was nearly killed—got my head split open on the Nipissing railway, my lip split in a fight in Orillia, and more marks and bruises than would kill an ordinary man.

But, thank God, to-day finds me saved and trusting in Jesus. It's my determination, by the help of God, to prove true, though I am weak yet. I want you all to pray for me that I may have victory over sin and the devil.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

Charity.

BY FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH.

ONLY a picture relieving the solitude of four large white-washed walls—at least, if there were others, I knew nothing of them, for immediately upon entering the long and crowded room my eyes were so rivetted upon the one of which I speak that I became too oblivious of all else to make any assertion as to what other attempt at ornament there might have been. In fact, only a touch upon my arm, drawing my notice to the attracted attention of the whole room, made me recollect that, after all, pictures were only pictures, hanging like dead things on people's walls; yet, it was with some reluctance I turned away whispering "beautiful, beautiful".

However, this triumph production of an artist soul—for there is something more than skill depicted here—has held the eyes of my heart with the magnetic influence of life, rather than the mere expression of talent on canvas, and the longer I look—for the picture has been loaned me—the more I discover the many evidences of Divine light that seem to throw their radiance from behind the crust and beneath the rags, leaping into a very halo of stars to crown the unadorned head. Yes! all the richest gems of Heaven's virtues are set in this one coronet—Charity.

There is no perfection of contour to tempt the pencil of the artist, neither are there those flushes of youthful beauty attracting the brush of the painter. Fashion and culture's moulding fingers have left untrammelled nature's sterner chisel, leaving a form and face that show both cradle gifts and life's hard school have made her but the object of their plainer handiwork.

No blue in the eye, no gold in the hair, no grace in the form, but rags for the dress, and yet she is so gloriously beautiful—beautiful with a beauty so inviting that many times I have kissed the cold glass where it covers the pale face, saying,

"LET ME BE LIKE HER"

Lovely with a loveliness that knows no rival; for who can suggest improvement—what can we find wanting! Why the very forsaking of what this world would deem of worth has but made more brilliant those love-lit lamps, which, burning in the soul, shine o'er the countenance with a lustre that all the wealth of this world cannot purchase, and all its arts can never feign.

And so it is with Charity—that rare and indescribable light. It flushes not only the countenance, but the face of a lifetime, with a beauty as grand and matchless as that with which the burnish of a sinking sun irradiates the Heavens, showing that its *full glory* has been there.

Charity—this excellency of Heaven! Was it not out of this very germ came the creation? There is no budding of the hillside; no murmur of the brook; no bird on the wing; no breath of the forest: no life on the sea; no cloudlet of the sky in which one cannot find God's touch of love. Love was the beginning of all things, and love will rush in and throb out the final climax of all, when in the world's tribunal the heavy tramp of the nations press towards the hour of love's sealing of every virtue, and crowning of all good.

Charity brought in religion. It began planning thousands of years ago for the Salvation of man; it was in the mid-night song of the Angels; it swung the star over Bethlehem; it burst the sepulchre of Calvary's tomb; it is Heaven's first and highest grace; it is man's only hope for time, death, and eternity—it is God Himself.

Can anyone measure it—fathom its depths—scale its height—estimate its circumference?

"Oh love thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me;
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries".

Now, seeing that Heaven itself is love, and that our only passport for crossing its shiny portals can alone be love's namesake, God has given a test, by the application of which every soul may know without doubt whether they possess the true kernel of religion, or whether, with hearts deceived, they hold the shell only. It seems, in order to show how erring and mistaken we can be in our judging of our spiritual standing, God drags from some secret treasure house a casket of gems highest worth—all that the heart could desire in this world, and all that the mind, with its limited understanding would imagine was needed for the next.

First we find the gem of ORATORY. Who could look upon it and not be impressed with its mighty value?

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of Angels". Oh! what overwhelming attraction there is in this supposition for me. Could a heart carry a burning theme and not covet that gift most fitted to voice its claims? Yet what trouble we have in our day to get men to speak. Even in the Christian world there is very little *sounding out* of what God has done, and is able to do in the soul

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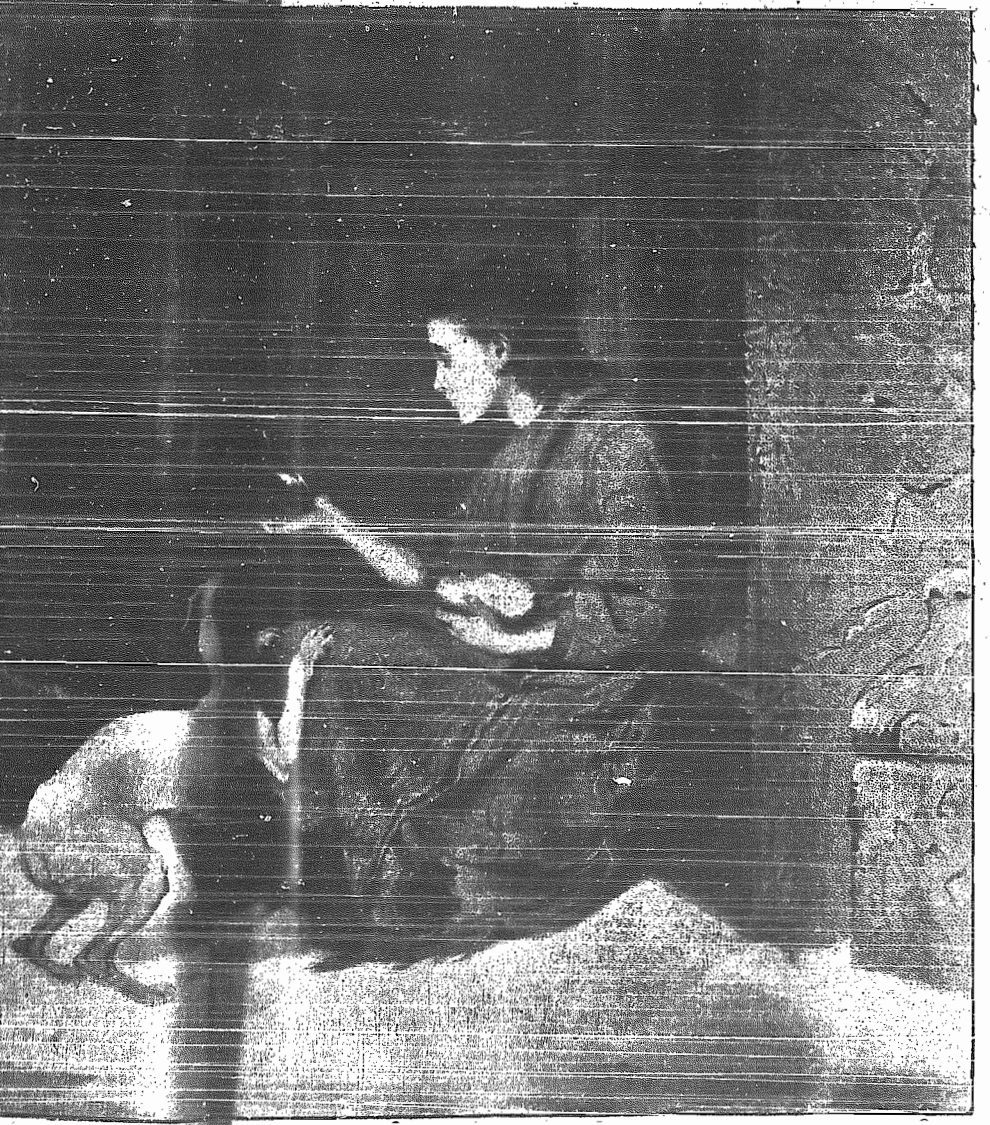

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wn in their own spiritual experience, rendering
timidity in speaking of graces—they have never
sessed or long lost—or a cowardly fear of jarring
hers tastes, or hurting somebody else's feelings.

In giving an address in a large church a few weeks ago, one of its members said to me that he thought I was the only one who from that pulpit had given the devil his right name since the place was built. Now, it seams tome a great encumberance to true oratorical preaching to be denide calling the devil by any and every name that would be best and quickest in making his dark character understood. To be repeatedly speaking of this monster of all wrong, shame and crime in such mild terms as "Evil influence", or of sin as "Errors of Judgment" is to rob any speech of that distinctness and force which must characterize the effectual orator. One of the greatest political lecturers that this world has ever known said:—"True oratory is plainness of speech, with the courage of your convictions"

But oh! how some have gone forth! Where the motive power has been created by Divine touch, where the object has been thrice worthy of depth of heart and width of intellect; where the theme becoming an all-absorbing passion, has claimed every energy, and where God has thrown in the additional equipment of a gifted tongue. A tongue skilled in the art of arresting the ear of a nation, and swaying its mind as sky winds sway the foliage of the forest—convincing, convicting, converting the people by power of speech; turning all the tired feet from the hard roads into the eternal resting place by eloquent persuasion; driving out the regiments of wrong and marching in the troops of right by orders on Heaven's authority; routing the strongholds of iniquity, and building "Temples Divine of living stones inscribed with Jesu's name." This is what it means—"Tongues of Angels"—the tenderness of persuasion; fervency of entreaty; force of eloquence; depth of compassion of an Angel's tongue.

Yet, all too appalling does it seem to speak it, but true it be, that while even so much possessing, if one Crown-Jewel of Charity be missing, then in the ears of God all the outward sounding has but the echoing emptiness, coldness, and hardness of beaten brass, and to His all-searching gaze but the irritation of battering cymbals.

And so you see, that being a good speaker is no criterion that you are a true follower, lover, or server of Christ. You can talk Charity without having it; you can expound and display its priceless beauties, with its right place in your heart filled with self; you can join your voice with the numerous exclamations of pity for the poor without giving any shoes for bare feet, or frocks for naked forms; you can bewail with great pathos the distresses of the hungry, but spare no cents for loaves of bread; you can with effective eloquence picture the sin of the wicked and be void of one drop of Calvary's passion for their poor sinking souls.

There is something so very repulsive to me in the simile "Sounding Brass." It is only sound—nothing underneath; no fulness—all emptiness, and yet one can easily see, it is just what a whole life would become without that God-created, Heaven-breathed motive power, which can alone lift service onto His altar, and can alone make all offered there acceptable.

We draw from the casket our next treasure—the gift of

KNOWLEDGE.

None but fools would think lightly of a gift so priceless. How much more to be treasured than wealth, or sought for than fame. What a key of possibility placed within the hands of man, unlocking so many of the mysteries of this world's entanglements, and giving a clue too many of life's hidden meanings. Its pursuit has made thousands oblivious to poverty or pain, and the promise of more worthy discoveries beneath its restless waters, has cast a halo around many an otherwise dark and dingy future. For after all, what pen could describe the inviting fascination of an awakeniug thirst to know?

The young artist realizes but little joy from the picture of to-day compared to that immense satisfaction derived from nursing buoyant ambitions of what the future productions of his crayon and paint are going to be.

The man of science laboriously wrestling with the intricacies of some invention yet in its germ, forgets both fatigue and toil in the vision of some piece of mechanism of unique completeness which the promise of greater knowledge holds out.

Does not the musician revel in the thought that the deeper he dives into music's soul the more there is in its worlds beyond?

But the charms of knowledge are not to be compared to its potent value in emphasising the character, and empowering the life. Although God has, and does, bless and use the most illiterate and unlearned—and ever will do, while such stand their feet upon an unreserved consecration—yet the culture of the mind is not to be thought lightly of

It is much too mighty a thing, and influential in all its far-spreading issues. Wilful ignorance finds no favor with Heaven, neither will He work miracles to reward it.

I cannot help thinking how much more efficient fighting there would be if there was a little more seeking to know HOW to do it. Men too often neglect to learn the lessons of wisdom and advice which God has caused to be written upon the pages of every life; and there is no question but that ignorance and stupidity have been the reason of three parts of the spiritual wrecks which strew the shores of time.

Here is a man who takes up farming. He gets from his surrounding neighbors every bit of information as to how to run the business that he can; he gets every bit of literature printed, likely to be of any assistance to him that he can; he listens to every story of success and tale of misfortune, gathering all the experience that he can, sits up at night to plan and scheme, and is up at day-break to do all the arranging and toiling that he can.

HE MUST MAKE THE THING GO,

and this can only be done by solving agracultural problems, and getting a perfect knowledge of the business.

But here is a man who gets converted; he starts for heaven; it is a long road and a difficult one—there is much more uphill work than down, but he undertakes the journey; he is to champion the cause of his Master, although he is quite a new hand at it he holds himself responsible for the saving and blessing of others—although it is the most intricate business one can take up; he doffs the dress of the worldling, and adopts the garb of the Christian (if not, he ought to) and enters into battle with minds as cunning as their hearts are cruel; with sin as brazen in blackness, as Heaven is fearless in purity—but where do we find him? In tens of thousands of cases with the slothful in business, leaving God to drag him to Heaven, instead of fighting his way there; talking of blessing others, and he has never learned the way how to do it. Oh! for a little more of thirst for Heavenly knowledge.

Does he overlook that all the devils in hell will attack him; strongest and most subtle temptations will assail him; every conceivable barrier will be cast before him. All the powers of evil—all the strength of vice—all the champions of rascality, will form in line against him. When a soul starts for Heaven, do you know what I hear? I hear the fiends of hell cry out, "Back with him! Back with him!"—back to the darkness of the sinning road—back to the evil habits, eating up all his resources—back to the condemnation of heavy crime, burning the heart and blistering the brain—back, back! All dark hands engaged in the thrusting; all dark plans spread in the scheming; all delurements flung in the tempting, until he staggers, he falls—he's over—he's gone—

HE'S DOWN—HE'S DAMNED!

I tell you, to get to Heaven you want to know all the eccentricities of the road, so that you can make "straight paths for your feet," or you will never get there. How CAN a man sling his way to Heaven with such forces against him? How can he folds the arms of his fighting resources and expect DESIRE is going to win the race. You say he could never start but for the limitless measure of God's conquering grace. Yes, but you forget that it is for they that seek—they that are diligent—they that study to show themselves approved. You want to search out its inner meanings—the grace of God. The finest faculties of the grandest intellect can never find the bottom of those fathomless waters; the swiftest mind to grasp and understand can never soar its full heights. Oh! that our prayer should be Solomon's—"A wise and understanding heart." He became so learned that his knowledge overshadowing his pen poured out 1,005 songs for the healing of the people; and wrote 3,000 proverbs. In fact it would be difficult to say what Solomon did not write, and his writings they stand out; they stand on, and they will do while the ages roll. Oh! what a power was the knowledge of Solomon, and yet the Bible tells us even such knowledge as this—grand, great and mighty as it be in all its far-reaching influences—without Charity, it is nothing.

No wonder! Knowledge and Charity, how can you possibly compare them; you may as well

STAND THE RUSH-LIGHT BY THE SUN,

or expect the rain-drops to rival the ocean. How could knowledge make up for love? How could KNOWING make up for BEING? How could THINKING make up for FEELING? How could the MIND — glorious as is intellect — take the place of the SOUL? One "vanishes away"—the other is immortal. Knowledge springing from, revolving around, and resolving itself into Charity is one of Heaven's mightiest influences. Knowledge without it dwarfs the soul, narrows the mind, and minimises the character.

"Love, that passes understanding;
Angels would the mystery scan;
Yet so tender that it reaches,
To the lowest child of man,
Let me, Jesus,
Better know Redemption's plan."

After all one can know all about the paths to Heaven, tread them so far as the letter tells perfectly; so walk by the lamp of Knowledge that they never fall into the ditch of vice; they never become a drunkard, or a gambler, or a wife-beater, or a robber—they are very religious, as the world calls religious, but when, before the scrutinising gaze of the Judgement Throne, or trying to get a look—just one look—inside the star-bedecked gates of Love's Own Land, their righteousness will be found filthy rags, and their debts too heavy to pay.

We thrust our hands deeper into the casket and draw from its clustering gems the pearl of

SACRIFICE.

"And though I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothting." (I Cor. xiii. 3.)

Is it possible to give from any other motive than love? Can we sacrifice and the offering be worthless? Can surrender reach degree so deep, so high, as my verse here describes, and be profitless? Surely there must be some great mistake, or anyway, unsolvable problem connected with the quotation!

It is the right thing to give. It is the primary principle of the universe; the axle upon which the wheel of nature, all industry and spirituality swing round.

I look into the forest and see tree-branch nurturing with sap-food its infant buddings into maturity. I find the autumn decaying, trodden leaves returning in death, nutriment for their parent foliage. I hear the bird singing for the birdling, and the night wind's lullaby hushing earth to sleep, while earth in its morning glory repays its kindly benefactor with tint of coloring, thrill of music, and bountiful service. I perceive in the vail of vapor arising from river, ocean, and lake water's generous offering to appease the burning thirst of fiery sky and floating cloudlet, and hear in the outpour of gratitude on the stormy morrowHeaven thanking earth by its feeding of all nature. When I think of all these things, do you know what I say? I say nature is so well remembering what creature so oft forgets, and that "they that sow bountifully shall reap bountifully."

Then, withdraw this fundamental agency of giving from the commercial world, and watch the effect; the great engine flags, pants, struggles, squeaks—then

A CRASH—AND A STAND-STILL!

Ah! but you may argue, the world gives for what it gets. I am glad that you put in those three letters spelling f-o-r, for what giving is there that does NOT get? God has too well arranged the law of sowing and reaping to allow offering to pass without rebounding in receiving. But this is just what I want to show. There is all the difference in the world between giving FOR what you get, and being given to for what you gave.

But let us look at this giving. Even that which is based on no higher motive than the recognition, that it in itself being the recipient of much blessing, in return must yield of its store, I mean here to state that this is a great advance on the practice, if not the profession of thousands of people I have met in my day. I refer to those which I classify in my own mind as

THE SPONGERS.

They sit flop down on the charities, on the virtues, on the labors, on the prayers, on the tears, on the generous administration of others in ten thousand ways through life, and when you come to squeeze them for a little return, you find them dry—quite dry—completely dry! If you are seeking sympathy, they will say, "It is not in my nature to be demonstrative, and say I am sorry for people." If you are seeking means to finance a missionary for the salvation of the heathen, they will, like Ahab, look round their fruitful vine-yards and say they are themselves wanting. If you are seeking a little service to save some back from breaking, and some over-pressed mind from failing, they will plead over-taxed time or physical weakness. If you are seeking a little cheer, congratulation, to save some toiling spirit from fainting, they will say they don't believe in praise—it elates and puffs up. If you ask for some roll of material from their elaborate stock, or some food for the hungry from their well-filled cupboard, they will direct you to some charitable mission, and speak of the advisability of these requests being made exclusively to the fitting parties. If you ask for a word—a hot word— to save a soul from sinking—eternally sinking—they will say that public speaking is outside their vocation; thus giving most brazen manifestation of that gross ingratitude which unblushingly absorbs all, but yields naught in return.

I call these people the spongers. Their whole time they get, get; take, take; squeeze, squeeze; receive, receive, and give NOTHING. The procession is so long, and the appearance of those forming it so mean and meagre, tha I turn away and say again, "Giving is a grand thing, a splendid thing, a beautiful thing." Yes, beautiful; for generosity takes the compressedness out of the lip, the sharpness out of the nostril, the keenness out of the eye, and the sternness out of the expression.

A poor and grief-stricken mother, whose son had been condemned to die, sought the presence of Abraham Lincoln to plead for his Presidential reversion of the fatal sentence. Love's ingenuity and sorrow's passport pressed through all intervening formalities and reached his council chamber. Returning with transfigured face and clutching with joy's trembling fingers the boon she had gained, she was heard to murmur on descending the broad steps of the White House, "They lie when they say the President is plain-looking—why, he's

THE HANDSOMEST MAN

I've ever seen." And so I say, generosity, which hands out gifts of all description, is a lovely thing.

This Self-Denial I hear the hasty shuffling of tens of thousands of feet—some weak, some strong, some rich, some poor, some trembling and stumbling—still they come. Some their hands are laden, some their arms are laden, some their hearts are laden; they are bringing gifts to the great Treasury of the Lord; they will not go with those who get all and give nothing—they are coming with the givers. I fancy I see them:—their dear faces are happy—giving makes you happy; they look good—giving is good; they sing—giving makes you sing. (I do not care what your home is like, how humble it is, if you can but give of its scanty means into the home of another, the angels start up and you must join in the song.) They put their offering into the Lord's own hands—they know He can do much better with it than they. See, that mother offers her child, she says, "for life or death, Thine, Lord." She cannot say it smiling, but she says it sobbing, for her very heart-strings are burning in the fires of consecration. There goes the widow's mite, through her bony fingers, into the money-box. Is it worth anything? Yes, it is all right, God has got it. Some throw in a supposed much out of a great deal more; one thing goes in after another until only the eye of a Saviour Who gave all can keep count of the accumulating treasures. What a time on this great giving occasion. How the givers rejoice, but if they could only see or understand the elasticity of the feet, the swiftness of the wing, the various gifts will take bearing o'er space and through time the graces of Heaven to the most needy throngs of earth. I fancy I hear thousands of new voices join in the chorus, which shouts the triumphs of His Blood—darkest sinners chime in with, "I'm forgiven," wandering backsliders, "I've come home," multitudes of bereft, "I am comforted," thousands of children, "I am blessed," the prisoner, the starving, the pauper, the girl of the street, the destitute and down trodden, "I am lifted, I am rescued, I am saved." But only the fingers of the Morning can draw aside the curtain dividing the giver from God's vast using of the gift, and tell all these wonderful stories.

And yet—I could never say it—my pen durst not write it—courage would fail to repeat it, were not the words of Bible record, "THOUGH I BESTOW ALL MY GOODS TO FEED THE POOR, AND THOUGH I GIVE MY BODY TO BE BURNED AND HAVE NOT CHARITY, IT PROFITETH ME NOTHING." The "nothing" sounds like a death-knell rung in our ears—it seems to clash cold and barred gates on all that has gone before it. Open, oh Heavens, and tell us the meaning—

That we may learn, and learning
Miss so great an erring.

Surely the solving of the problem is to be found in the careful reading of the two words "profiteth ME." The explanation can but be that the altar sanctifieth the gift. All laid there God will take and use in His Kingdom, but only those offerings springing from the burning promptings of that love which to live must give, and which to give can only offer from that purity of motive that in giving reckons not on gain, but rather counts on loss can bring eternal profit to the giver. It seems that only love can look to love for the crowning of self-blessing, and only love can expect to wed love on Heaven's bridal morning. So God, being love, He can but set His royal seal upon that soul which yields to Him from the selfsame motive from which

HE GAVE ALL TO US.

when Omnipotence made sacrifice of life and death and met the queries of all worlds in the spoken passion. "God so loved the world."

Oh, this sweeping, subduing, victorious power—this golden coronet for which there is no tarnish—this morning life that cannot die—this invincible force which, upon the fields of life's battle never beat a retreat—has known no failure—could not be slain. Apostles have avowed it in felon's cell, bound by chain, martyrs have shouted it on burning stake in heated flame, death-beds have declared it in rising foam and swelling tide, the children have sung it in ten thousand songs, and the aged have affirmed it in life's last evening.

This has been the lamp which has blazed for the lifting of the hospital's shadow—the lighting of the prisoner's gloom—the guiding of the pauper's feet—the directing of the widow's eyes and the realising of the orphan's dreams. Boundless, wondrous, limitless, glorious CHARITY DIVINE—sweetest, dearest, intensest, most thrilling, most convincing, most conquering ambassador of the sky.

When the world is smitten into flame, and the moon turned into blood, and the countless numbers of all the earth are before the Throne, and the portals shine their best gems, and the fountains shower their pearliest waters and the angels sing their fairest songs; then I see the stars leap into archways, and floating planets spread burning pathways, and palms bedecked with diamonds form waving garlands, while following the leadership of troops of angels whose swaying "banners of love" keep time to the resounding anthems of the glorified, Faith, Hope and Charity pass in, "but the greatest of these is Charity."

* * * *

Hark, for the angels call:
"The love of God lives through eternity
And conquers all."

CAKE OR CRUST?

As I passed a small colored church I halted a moment to speak with the aged sexton, who was sitting in pensive mood upon the front steps. His reason of the weight of years and infirmities of age. His locks were silvery, while his real ebony face was lighted up with an expression of the purest kindness. I said,

"Uncle Payne, where were you raised?"

"Ober de mountains, sah, down in old Forquier."

"What is your age?"

"I's nigh on to eighty, so de white folks say."

"Well, you are getting quite aged, Uncle Payne."

"Yes, sah, I's getting old, and has spent de most ob my life in sin and folly, serbin' de devil."

"Oh, that is bad, Uncle Payne; but how long since you became a Christian?"

"Sens jis' afore de wa', sah."

"Well, it has been a good while since then, Uncle Payne; you should have considerable experience by this time."

"Yes, sah, I ought to hab; but I's jis' now learned to chew crusts."

"How's that, Uncle Payne? I do not quite understand what you mean."

"Well, sah, you see I came to Jesus and gib my heart to Him, an' for a long time I thought de Lord mus' be feedin' me wid pie an' cake, an' all good things. I was not pleased if He didn't, but now I's satisfied any way. I can take a crus' from His han' as well as anything. I's got de witness in me."

How many are there who follow the Master, not because of the miracles which He did, but because they ate of the loaves and fishes, and are filled? How many seek the "pie and cake," but spurn the idea of crusts, though presented by the Father's hand? We will take the crust as well as the cake, if we have the witness in us.

The devil takes it for granted that the sign, "Walk in" is on the door of every man's heart.

Pacific Province Potlash.

SPOKANE'S REMARKABLE SERIES OF PUBLIC MEETINGS AND OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

Spokane Fruit Fair is an event of the year, and the S. A. leader, with usual enterprise, had arranged to bring in officers from Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and British Columbia. The program was a full one, including public and officers' meetings, mid-day open-airs, half-nights of prayer, officers' tea, etc.

Proceedings commenced with a reception meeting on Saturday night, led by Brigadier and Mrs. Howell. The hall was well filled and good attention was given; we had a good time.

SUNDAY.

7 o'clock knee-drill, the presence of God was felt. We received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

10 A.m., rousing march and open-air; band to the front; followed inside at 11 o'clock by a holiness meeting. A heart searching penticostal time. Brigadier inspired, spoke with liberty.

Afternoon, open-air with splendid crowd. Rapt attention. Inside, Staff-Capt. Turner held the reins. Ensign Stanbury spoke on, "How to get saved." Adjt. Ayre on, "How to keep saved." Adjt. Walton on, "How to enjoy salvation." Mrs. Brigadier Howell read the lesson and drew in the net.

6 p.m. found a crowd of believing sokers dealing with God on behalf of sons. In the open-air much liberty was felt. The barracks was literally packed when Brigadier Howell gave out the old song:

"Would Jesus have the sinner die?"

Everybody felt the Divine influence of the meeting. The Brigadier dealt out the truth, which was listened to without a move in the congregation. A number, when asked, rose to their feet signifying their desire to be saved. TWO SOULS came forward. Deep conviction was felt all over the building. After a well-fought prayer meeting, we sang in closing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—L. W.

OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, morning and afternoon the officers met in council. All officers who were present at those sessions are full of praise and speak highly of the blessings and instructions received. Officers councils in the far west are few and far between at best, therefore an occasion like this is prized and made the most of.

Some specially-composed songs by Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Tunren were introduced at these councils and greatly enjoyed. We all thank God for the help and encouragement received, and are bound to go on with greater desperation to push the war.—B.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY NIGHTS

Monday night was the Pacific reception to the visiting Field Officers. Speakers representative of the different sections of the Province spoke. All were glad of the opportunity of assembling in council and receiving the good things in store for them. A splendid meeting was held and two souls came to Jesus.

The Tuesday night's gathering was a battle for souls, when three more came to the Mercy Seat and cried to God for pardon. The meeting was a a thorough success, and closed with great expectations for those yet to come.—W. J. T.

WEDNESDAY.

7 o'clock open-air.—Joined by a number of friends, we had the largest march ever representing the S. A. in Spokane.

3 p.m.—Many of the listeners were drawn to our barracks, which, by the time the Brigadier gave out the first song, was gorged. The meeting was full of interest. Different officers forcibly spoke about the doings of Jesus in their own lives.

The Brigadier, very powerfully inspired of God, spoke and closed the meeting with five souls at the Cross.

HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER.

At 11 o'clock p.m. all the officers, soldiers and friends gathered with much expectation for a baptism of the Holy Ghost. The results were effective, joy and gladness entered into all present.

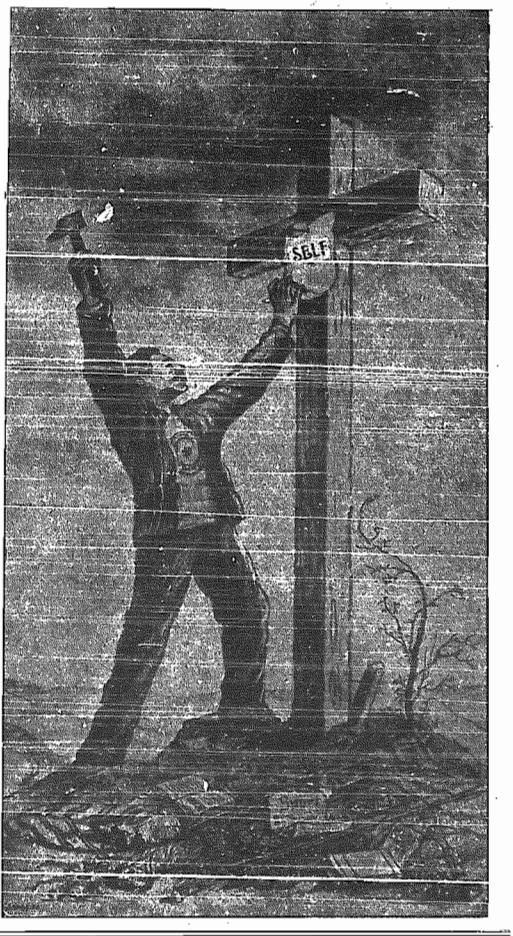
Adjt. Ayre, the devil-daring Salvationist, who was of great blessing to us all, read a lesson full of encouragement and blessing.

Staff-Capt. Turner then took hold, and it was nearly 2 a.m. before the blessed season of refreshing was brought o a close.

THURSDAY.

A nice tea was provided at the barracks for about 45 officers, who enjoyed the well-provided feast and a first-class cup of tea. Mrs. Staff-Captain Turner and her assistants deserve great credit for the splendid arrangements.

After tea was finished the Brigadier took the chair and called upon several officers for short speeches, which were enjoyed by all.



At 7:30 a great march took place, being a grand rally of both the home and visiting corps. The procession was headed by the brass band, and was of respectable length.

At the barracks a large crowd awaited us, and soon every available seat and standing room was taken.

The officers and bandsmen more than filled the platform. Say, but didn't that new piece composed by Brigadier Howell, to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner," catch on! The chorus is:

"With the Blood and the fire,
We'll raise our banner higher;
By the Blood we are free,
With the Flag we'll be brave."

Capt. Walton, of the Helena Rescue Home next addressed the audience. She had been once stationed in Spokane and old friends were glad to see her.

Cand. Walter Day, the female personator, sang a duet with the Brigadier. Bro. Day has a grand natural female voice, and is a great curiosity. (Send us his photo and a phonograph record of his voice.—Ed.)

Adjt. and Mrs. Jewell, from Walla-Walla, favored us with a duet, Mrs. Jewell accompanying herself with the guitar.

The commissioning of officers followed. Adjt. Edgecombe farewells from "the Haven," and after visiting a few weeks in the east returns to Nelson, B. C., Corps and District. He gave a loud talk. The Brigadier sang, "You've carried your burden," and gave the invitation.

Staff-Capt. Turner took hold of the prayer meeting, and FOUR SOULS sought salvation.

The farewell tea for Adjt. Edgecombe, was a fine hand-out. Thus we concluded the best series of meetings ever held in Spokane.—J. W. Hay.

NOTES.

The general opinion is that these councils have been the best that have ever been in Spokane.

The judgement of all Easterners is that the officers of the Pacific Province rank among the best in the Territory.

The promotions of Cadet-Captain Bower, Lieuts. Meredith, Noble, Krell and Myers to the rank of Captain, and Cadets Ziebarth, Walruth and Jones to Lieutenant, were applauded by all.

All officers have returned to the battle's front with renewed energy and vigor, determined that this winter shall be among the best they have ever known.

A deep spiritual comradeship exists among the officers of the Pacific Province, and with a united pull, you will hear of great victories won in the immediate future.

Adjt. Ayre's talk on "The Bible." in the half-night of prayer created a profound impression on all.

All were pleased to see Mrs. Capt. Lacy present recovered from her severe sickness.

Our open-airs have been eye-openers to the people of Spokane in every way.—W. J. T.

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Giving Paid Him.

An ex-soldier writes from the west: "While unemployed and almost in straitened circumstances, a soldier called at my home, and during conversation asked if I would give a tenth of all my earnings during Self-Denial Week. I gladly promised, and, most remarkable to say, I have worked every day since, with prospects of steady and profitable employment. Put me down for a tenth of my earnings every Self-Denial Week hereafter."

Bill for Damage.

Capt. X., who, on account of exceptional business increase during certain meetings, had to put in considerable overtime at the office, sent the following bill:

Loss of Boot Leather	$ .75
Loss of Flesh	4.60
Loss of Sleep	1.30
Loss of Council Blessings	18.40
Overtime	7.50
	$32.55

An early payment will oblige.

Improper Value.

This jokular bill suggests some serious facts. Is it not a patent truth that people value their own flesh too highly. $4.60 for loss of flesh in a few days for a little extra work is too much, since it would be equal to the value of about 35 lbs. of the best beef. Add to the above $4.60 the $1.30 for sleep lost and $7.50 overtime, the total loss to self is $13.40, while the loss of blessings is put at only a trifle more. The old Adam values a blessing as equal to a pound of flesh. Wanted—Some real Self-Denial to enable us to value its blessing a thousand times more.

Self-Denial Incidents.

Here are a few items gleaned from former S.-D. Weeks in the Territory:

"An Irishman sacrificed a dollar's worth of whiskey."

"This little boy is nine years," was the note that accompanied the price of his cap.

A dozen cigars was another sacrifice. In a tremulous hand writing, someone else wrote, "I gave up a garment which I needed, and sent you part payment with pleasure, hoping it will be the means in God's hands of saving a precious soul."

Satisfied.

We pass on the following: the first three quotations appeared in a newspaper, the rest were added by the "Cynical Man" who visits our office occassionally:

"Oh, my business is good," said the trombone player. "In fact, I'm always blowing about it."

"Well, I'm scoted with mine, too," said the chimney sweep.

"And mine is out of sight," said the diver.

"It is my soul's delight," said the Salvation Army officer.

And they all agreed that soul-saving was the best business, except the shoe-maker, who delights in the ruin of soles.

Remember the Heathen.

We have nearly seven hundred officers employed exclusively in Native Missionary Work (more than one half being themselves natives). They are working amongst the Cingalese, Tamils, Bengalis, Mahrattis, Gujaratis, Zulus, Bechuanas, Mashonas, the Sandwich Islanders, Japanese, Javanese, and Maoris. But there are 894 millions known heathen still unreached, 15 millions still offer human sacrifices, 10 millions are cannibals. Your S.-D. gift will help us to help them.

Money to Burn.

While the Captain was collecting for S.-D. in a hotel, she asked the different men for donations; they all gave but one man, who got very indignant about it. He said he did not believe in giving money to people who go about to frighten men and women. To show that he meant it he pulled out a roll of bills, singled out a dollar bill and put it in the stove, and said, "There goes your donation." The next day he shot a man with intent to kill him, but only broke his arm. He is now under arrest awaiting his trial.—H. Kreiger.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

ENSIGN FRANK MORRIS, of the Klondike, to be Adjutant.

Captain Ziebarth, of the Pacific Province, to be Ensign.

Captain Lester, of the Pacific Province, to be Ensign.

Lieutenant Matthews, of Sudbury, to be Captain at Bracebridge.

Lieutenant Fisher, of Uxbridge, to be Captain and to assist at Hamilton I.

Lieutenant Mainland, to be Captain at Hamilton II.

Lieutenant Capper, to be Captain at Chesley.

Lieutenant Rennie, of Brampton, to be Captain at Meaford.

Lieutenant Stephens, to be Captain at North Bay.

Lieutenant Mainprize, to be Captain at Little Current.

Lieutenant Clark, to be Captain at Houlton, Me.

Cadet Johnson, of Winnipeg Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant at the London Rescue Home.

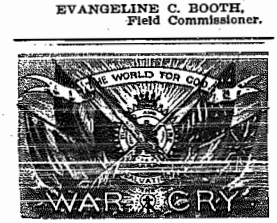
Cadet Near, of the Women's Shelter, to be Lieutenant at the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

Sergeant Crocker, of the Children's Shelter, to be Lieutenant at the Women's Shelter, Toronto.

Appointment:—

Adjutant Edgecombe, late of Spokane Shelter, to take charge of the Kootenay District and Nelson Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Why Self-Denial Week?

The people who raise objections against the Army's Universal Week of of Self-Denial could be divided into two classes:

First.—Those who say, "Why should we deny ourselves at all?"

Second.—Those who insist, a week of Self-Denial is insufficient, we should be self-denying the whole year!

Answering the first class, we would say:—While there are many enjoyments and comforts of life—(not to mention those, upon which millions are squandered annually, which are in direct opposition to the will of God)—for the sake of those who are temporally and spiritually suffering a denial should be made in order to help those people, who, ignorantly or wilfully, have drifted into a condition where they are not able to help themselves.

In reply to the objection of the second class, we would ask: Who, as an organization, is practising continual self-denial to a greater extent than the Salvation Army? But even among our self-sacrificing soldiers and officers are many who, for one week in a year, deny themselves of the so-called necessities of life, without which they could not get along all the year round; but the denial of which for one week is not only possible, but also helpful to spiritual progress.

In this Territory, however, the public has largely learned to understand the motives and aims of our Self-Denial Week, as has been demonstrated by the yearly increasing total of contributions. Our officers and soldiers also enter into the effort with a better understanding of its importance and spirituality. It is a remarkable fact after all, a very few large donations are received from the rich and well-to-do classes, but most all contributions are received from the poorer classes in amounts of 5c., 10c. and 25c. Gifts of more a dollar are in the minority. compared with the lesser donations and subscriptions of $5 and $10 are, in some places, practically unknown. Nevertheless, there are some of the wealthier people in the towns and cities throughout the Territory, who give larger amounts to the S.-D. Fund. We trust that such will multiply. Information from good sources indicate that we can reckon with certainty upon reaching the Territorial target during this present Self-Denial Week.

Be sure that you are one that has helped, according to your opportunity and ability, to accomplish this.

General Secretary at Newmarket.

(Special.)

The work of God is progressing in Newmarket. Capt. and Mrs. Williams and Lieut. Northcott are in charge, and earnestly pushing forward the work. A powerful series of meetings were conducted during the visit of Brigadier Complin and Adjt. Stanyon, on Saturday and Sunday. The day's fight on Sunday lasted—with intervals for meals—16 hours. The General Secretary and the Adjutant visited the Junior meeting and conducted a private soldiers' meeting in addition to the usual week-end meetings, outdoor and in. The soldiers are enthusiastic over S.-D., and under the energetic leadership of Capt. Williams, will no doubt give a good account of themselves in the coming fight.

The Brigadier gave an address to a large and attentive audience on Sunday afternoon, subject, "Modern miracles."

All the meetings were times of rich spiritual blessing, but the Sunday night gathering, specially devoted to the needs of the unconverted and backslidden, was a terribly solemn and Judgment Day type of meeting, the influence of which cannot be lost.

Tip Top Times at the Temple.

Major and Mrs. Hargrave Leading on—Five Souls for Salvation.

(Special.)

We had a good day at the Temple on Sunday. Major and Mrs. Hargrave with us all day. Mrs. Hargrave's singing much appreciated. The Major's talks in the morning and afternoon were tip-top and enjoyed by all. In spite of the rain in the morning we had a real nice march and a nice crowd inside. The weather in the afternoon turned out a little better, and so did the soldiers; we had a still better march with a fine band of about seventeen pieces at the head of it. Inside five souls sought the Saviour—three of which were volunteers, which was the most important of all. At night we were in the large hall and a fine time we had, although nobody sought Jesus. Mrs. Hargrave's talk was simply grand, and everybody got blessed. We are going on and still determined to have victory. Come again Major and bring Mrs. Hargrave with you. J.

Revival at Woodstock, N.B.

(By wire.)

Adjt. McLean and his little son, Robbie, was with us yesterday (Sunday, Nov. 6th). Although we had a rainy day, good crowds attended. Nine prisoners. Hallelujah!—Adjt. McLee.

Klondikers all Right.

(Special.)

A prospector who has recently returned from the gold regions of the Klondike informed the Field Commissioner that our officers are extremely appreciated and have earned the name of godly, shrewd and hard-working men and women. The men have been at it early and late cutting, hauling, building, holding meetings and helping those who are in need. The women have been visiting, nursing, and caring for those who had nobody else to comfort them in their sickness, in a thorough and untiring manner. A nice little corps of soldiers and friends have rallied round the party and are standing by them.

A good man is one who is growing better.

Here we are again, Self-Denial, the old ship is a good one. Once more she is put into commission. On board the noble craft everything is hustle and rustle. An unlooker, not understanding the mysteries of the Salvation War, might be inclined to say it is all confusion, but this is just where they make the mistake.

• • • •

The good old ship is ready for action, guns are mounted, decks cleared, the bugle sounds and every man and woman is expected to take their place. From stem (the Atlantic) to stern (the Pacific) the feeling in the breast of every warrior is, ready, aye, ready. On the bridge stands our brave Territorial Commander watching every movement of the enemy, with promptness and skill the orders are given, the ship manoeuvred so that the very best possible results are obtained, the finish up will show how ably this has been done, all along the line with pleasure she beholds the courage, daring and hard work of all on board.

• • • •

Every man and woman knows what they have to do, it is not only a place for everybody and everybody in their place, it goes a little farther—a target for everybody and everybody at their target—upon this to a very large extent the victory depends.

• • • •

The seven Provincial Commanders vie with each other in holy competition, each tries to show that his comrade has a better position than he has, and advances many reasons why he should exchange some of their smaller guns for his brother's large one. The Territorial Commander regulates all this, and each one is pleased with the decision.

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One good feature is, each Provincial Officer, is thoroughly satisfied that his soldiers are best for the battle. What folly it would be for anyone to try to persuade Brigadier Sharp that his Newfoundlanders were second to any one. He would not wait to argue, he would simply put his hands on his sides and laugh you to scorn.

• • • •

Then think of giving Brigadier Gaskin, of the Central, the idea that his warriors would not be in it, he could tell you, if he would, that he is bringing every available soldier into battle, damaged guns repaired and mounted for service, that he is fully relying upon every man and woman to work, and even if they only have one arm they must fight, and if they can't take big positions, they must take a small one, and if they are sick they must shout and encourage those that are fighting. He has not breathed it to a soul, but in his heart he believes his people will beat all creation, and perhaps they will.

• • • •

As far as East Ontario is concerned, Brigadier Bennett has two theories which he keeps to himself. I now make them known, one of which is, he believes he has never taken a back seat to anyone in former S.-D. battles, and never means to, and secondly, he believes that as his people did so well last year, they can do a little better this year, on the principle that as you have been brave to reach the top of one mountain, a little more effort will enable you to reach the top of another. I believe he is right; of course, I have no favorites. My advice all the same is, that East Ontario is worth watching.

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Brigadier Pugmire thoroughly believes in that part of the ship called "the East." He would like to see the people that can beat them. No malaria there, hardy, sturdy, plenty of muscles, and believes in Prohibition, consequently has any amount of ammunition to spare. They are a people with a past record, they are warriors, which, if I mistake not, will make it difficult for any Province to carry more positions than they, if they like to, can do it, and Brigadier Pugmire believes they will.

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And what can I say of West Ontario, a Province that publishes a paper called "The Comrade," that finishes up by saying, "We lead, others follow?" In his heart, Major Southall not only intends that the W. O. P. shall lead with an illustrated paper and War Cry, but Self-Denial will go well, and why not? A Province that can ask others to follow them, and make others look small, not by depreciating their good works, but by increasing their own, is worthy of imitation. Major Southall believes in his people in two ways:—(1) That there is plenty of money in the country, that his people are wealthy, hundreds in the bank, some in the small drawer upstairs, some in the cellar. (2) He believes in the ability of his officers and soldiers to get it. Inwardly he feels, if we can't do it, nobody else need try. My private advice is, don't under-estimate West Ontario.

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Regarding the stern of the ship, called "The Pacific," Brigadier Howell feels for a battle of this kind they are just the people that can do it. Why, it is at the stern that the propellers work. The Provincial Officer is not uneasy as to the results. It does not make much difference to him how large the target is, he does not keep awake at night. If a troublesome thought should pass his way he gets rid of it by saying, "There is no place like the West," and nobody knows better how to give than they do. And everybody else, as far as giving is concerned, sinks into insignificence with him. He will be making full inquiries as to how the battle is coming on, with one answer from all quarters, namely, SWIFT.

• • • •

Major McMillan, although rather a strong looking man, is having, I fear, a little anxious time. To the public he keeps a bolt front. He has great faith in his people, thoroughly believes they will justify their existence, make themselves felt, do their duty and smash their target, and put the Pacific in the shade. Nevertheless, he has times of misgivings, occasionally the beauty of his day dreams are marred when, in imagination, he sees the victory of some other Province overshadowing him. These will vanish away, however. At the same time, to tell the whole truth, there are times when he sees ghosts, and says, "After all will they do it?" These things have troubled him in the night watches, but before this reaches the public eye all this will be changed, and none more certain of success than the worthy P. O. of the North-West. The Prince will make itself felt.

• • • •

The old ship is off, and well tried at that, nothing uncertain about her, she will make a good showing, as far as actual results are concerned, beat the former records, will return with colours flying above every other, "The Flag of Victory."

Eastern Ejaculations.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

This is one all-absorbing topic of the year, and at the time of writing we find ourselves in Self-Denial and Self-Denial in us. From the tips of our hair to the soles of our feet we are enthused with the theme. We are hopeful of victory.

The East has had a good reputation in the past, and it is determined to stick to this and not lose it. AND WE CHALLENGE ANY PART OF THE TERRITORY. THE SCOTCH BRAWNY, "McMILLAN," OF THE NORTH-WEST, INCLUDED.

District Targets.

Halifax stands at the head of the list, closely followed by St. John. St. John had to take second place last year and now there is a contest between the two. The noble McGillivray and the faithful Kerr are at the head of each battalion. Which will win the spurs?

Next on the list is Fredericton, commanded by Adjutant McLean, of Eastern fame, with a total target for the district of $755.00. Bermuda follows with a target of $655.00, under Adjutant Matthew, followed closely by Adjutant Gideon Miller, with a target of $595.00. We could say wise things both about Yarmouth and Bermuda districts, and we watch with eagerness to see which of the two are going to come off conqueror. Yarmouth is followed by New Glasgow with a District target of $595, led on by the noble Eyers, who has just returned to the East; we bespeak for him a glorious triumph in his new corps and district.

Here is a brigade of five districts all abreast, Newcastle, Windsor, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and Spring Hill, commanded respectively by Ensign Graham, Adjts. Hendricks and Creighton, and Ensigns Crichton and Fraser. Now for a battle, which will be looked upon by a cloud of witnesses.

The Juniors will help this year to reach the goal. Perhaps more than they have done in years gone by, seeing they have a target of their own, and are to be worked separate from the Seniors. This will give the children an opportunity of showing what they can do. Our sympathies are with the children. Go ahead. Win your spurs.

Our Commissioner may reckon upon our devotion and faithfulness, and we send assurances of victory.

Warlike Activities.

The Eastern Question Eclipsed by the Western (Ont.)—Secret and Extensive Plans Formulated—A Great Battle Imminent.

(By our own Correspondent.)

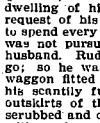
Clarence Street,
London, Ont.

Cabinet councils of the greatest importance have been held at the War Office here. The enemy's positions have been thoroughly scouted, and their strength and weaknesses noted.

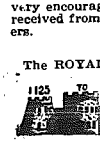
After carcful consideration the following positions have been assigned to the W. O. F. forces. Great enthusiasm is being manifested by the different battalions with open expressions of loyalty and devotion to the Flag, and if courage and determination go for anything, then the outcome of the impending battle is a foregone conclusion.

That veteran, Adjt. Coombs, commanding the Household Regiment (London), will storm the 410 Fort. His plans are well laid, and with the co-operation of his gallant troops, he is sanguine of carrying the position with flying colors.

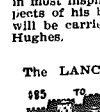
The LIFE GUARDS—comprising the following battalions: Brantford, Stratford, St. Thomas, Ingersoll, and Petrolia—have been assigned the task of demolishing the 175 to 210 Forts. A great deal of interest is centred in the Stratford and Brantford battalions, as to which will reach the highest point. With such facilities as Archibald and Collett there's no telling what might happen, but the position will be carried. The other battalions have been brought up to their full fighting strength, and very encouraging dispatches have been received from their different commanders.



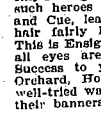
The ROYAL ARTILLERY—comprising the following brigades: Windsor (right wing), Chatham (centre), Guelph (left wing)—will carry the 125 to 150 positions. These brigades are equipped with all the modern implements of war, and quite a quantity of smokeless powder has been taken on by that astute leader of the Guelph brigade (Ottaway) and the enemy will have great difficulty in defining Guelph's true position. McHarg (commanding right wing) writes in most inspiring tones as to the prospects of his brigade. The centre wing will be carried by that veteran, Adjt. Hughes.

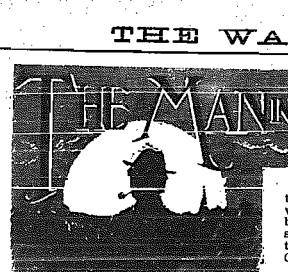


The LANCERS (whose namesakes carved out for themselves an imperishable name at Omdurman recently) will charge the 85 to 115 positions. This Regiment is made up of the following detachments: Woodstock, Blenheim, Wallaceburg, Wingham, Barrie, Goderich, Seaforth and Essex. Everyone is in fighting trim, and with a solid phalanx these dashing battalions will carry the enemy's heights. When we think of such heroes as Scott, Ebsary, Gibson and Cue, leading on the charge, our hair fairly bristles with excitement. This is Ensign Bale's first S.-D. battle; all eyes are centred on his troops. Success to you, Ensign. Wakefield, Orchard, Hoddinott and Barker are well-tried warriors, and will not lower their banners or suffer defeat.



The DRAGOONS, crafted from Dresden, Simcoe, Berlin, Hespeler, Clinton, Leamington and Bridgetown, have been given the 60 to 80 Forts to demolish. They will do it. Reinforcements have been hurried up to strengthen these comrades, and the twenty-sixth day of November shall declare that their task has been well done, and the enemy's works demolished.





CHAPTER VII.

Down Again.

He sowed the hours of youth with reckless hand,
And thought to gather stores of ripened grain;
The harvest came, and from a barren land,
He reaped the tares of bitterness and pain.
M. F. Ham.

After three weeks stay at the officers' quarters, Rudolf was removed to the dwelling of his family at the urgent request of his wife, who was anxious to spend every spare moment, when she was not pursuing her work, with her husband. Rudolf himself was glad to go; so he was carefully carried in a waggon fitted up for the occasion, to his scantily furnished cottage on the outskirts of the town. His wife had scrubbed and cleaned the place up, and with a few trifling bric-a-bracs—the only relics left of the comforts of her early years—she had managed to give the largest of her three rooms a somewhat festive appearance.

Rudolf was quick to notice all these touches, the eagerness of his wife's love to bind him closer to herself, his family and his home; and as they laid him upon the humble but spotless bed, his emotions over-powered him and he wept tears of joy, regret, shame and gratitude. The men who brought Rudolf to his home softly and silently slipped out while Minnie bent over the wasted form of her husband and kissed his trembling lips to prevent him, with tender consideration, from saying the words she instinctively felt, would be words of bitter humiliation as well as thankfulness. It was one of those moments when spoken words are too coarse to express feelings, and silence is more eloquent than the most pathetic and sacred sentence human language can construct. In those moments, when two hearts and spirits throb in perfect unison, words are as useless as candle light at noonday.

It was altogether between two and three months after the accident, before Rudolf was able to walk about. Fortunately the fractures of the bones were clean and sharp, and when they were finally healed an almost perfect joining of the bones was the result.

During the weary weeks that he had to lay patiently upon the couch, the officers came frequently to see him, cheer him, and pray with him; two or three of the soldiers and one of his old acquaintances dropped in now and then, and these visits were like refreshing draughts to his thirsty soul.

His wife had to work hard those days to provide, but her rejoicing in the salvation of herself and that of her husband, gave to her limbs wonderful strength and agility; she was happy to be able to work, and almost thanked God that the accident had happened.

Rudolf was eager to start to work as soon as he found his feet. He had pictured to himself the task of finding work comparatively easy, for when the people knew that he was saved and had quit drinking, they surely would be anxious to help him. So he brushed his coat, blackened his shabby boots, to make himself as presentable as possible, and started out for to see the manager of the factory where he had been formerly employed. His heart thumped quickly as he knocked at the office door, and heard the familiar voice of the manager call out, "Walk in."

"Well, Rudolf, I thought you was dead and buried by this time," was the greeting that met the timid caller.

Rudolf was taken back; the speech which he had rebeasred scores of times on his way was completely forgotten, and he looked confused—unable to find words wherewith to commence. The manager, who had not heard of Rudolf's conversion misunderstood his bewildered manners, and thought them to be the result of too much whiskey.

"I think you have wandered into the wrong place, my man; you'd better go home and be sobered up." Rudolf was entirely taken by surprise, and the manager's cynical joke cut him to the heart. Still, the manager, for years past, had only seen him drunk, therefore he could not expect to wipe out such a bad reputation in a day. The past in all its tremendous force came upon him now. With an unspoken prayer he resolved to face it and fight it.

"You are mistaken, sir," he stammered at last, "I am not drunk, but sober, and have been so for the last three months. I do thank God that I am a changed man. I have been laid up with a broken arm and fractured leg, but now am able to work; and I have come to ask you whether you will give me employment?"

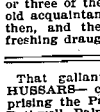
"I guess the reason you kept sober has been that you were unable to get drink while you were laid up. I am afraid if I give you employment the first money will go in whiskey again. Go and get a job as day laborer first, and if you keep sober for a few weeks at it, I may give you a job in the factory."

This was not a very good beginning, but Rudolf was determined not to give in. So off he went to seek employment in another direction. Lost in planning he passed the door of a saloon, a former companion spied him, and having heard the Man in the Moon got saved in the Salvation Army, he was going to have some fun with him. Rushing to the door he called out, "Hello, Moony, come in and have a glass!"

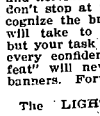
Rudolf shook his head and without a word passed on.

(To be Continued.)

That gallant and brave force—the HUSSARS—comprising the Paris, Bothwell, Palmerston, Listowell, Tilbury, Strathroy, Watford, Amherstburg, Norwich, Tilsonburg, Drayton, Bayfield and Mitchell Regiments have been assigned the positions of 40 to 55. There are many obstacles to overcome, and quite a crowd of difficulties to face, but such heroes and heroines as command these troops don't stop at trifles. Your leaders recognize the bravery and self-denial it will take to capture your positions, but your task has been given you with every confidence that the word "Defeat" will never be written on your banners. Forward then!



The LIGHT INFANTRY—Forest, Wyoming and Thedford will carry the small Forts of 25 to 35. We have no fears as to how these troops will equip themselves. 'Victory,' is their password.



Meanwhile the War Office continues its work with unabated zeal. Dispatches are being exchanged from all parts of the battlefield, and everything points to one of the grandest triumphs the W. O. F. forces have ever achieved. Our Commander-In-Chief (the Field Commissioner can rely on us to a man (and woman).

EAGLE WINGS FROM EAST ONTARIO.

By BRIGADIER BENNETT.

Our brave officers and soldiers are determined at all costs to make this Self-Denial one of the most notable and illustrious that has ever been held in the Province. The following is a list of the Districts and their several corps, with the targets that have been arranged for the same.

BARRE, Vt., in the BURLINGTON, Vt., District has a target of $100. Ensign May Ward, who has a valuable assistant in Lieut. Tracey, commands the Barre corps and Burlington District, and is sure to succeed.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., has a target of $140, and here we have the heroic Capt. Wilson, who is ably assisted by Lieut. Crego in the fray.

BURLINGTON lays claim for the present to Capts. Downey and Jones, who will sing and play and preach and work until their target of $85 is smashed.

PEARCETON, one of our leading Circle Corps in the Province, has a target of $60. Capt. Grose will leave no stone unturned to get his target.

BELLEVILLE has a target of $200. This corps and District is commanded by Ensign Walker, who knows no defeat, and therefore will finish on top.

PICTON, with Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn leading on, will come out on the right side with their target of $106.

BLOOMFIELD has a target of $40, which Capt. Batten and Lieut. Hay will put forth every effort to get.

At DESERONTO Capt. Chappell and Lieut. Liddell hold the fort, and they are aiming at a target of $50.

TWEED: Capt. and Mrs. Green, who are well known for their push and aggression, will no doubt reach their $55 target.

CORNWALL. The renowned Adjt. Bradley, assisted by his wife and Lieut. Latimer is making everything bend towards the corps target of $115.

BROCKVILLE has a target of $100, and Capt. Huxtable and his right hand man, Lieut. Butler, will scour the country to come off victorious.

PRESCOTT. Lieuts. Carter and Newell are in for a target of $50.

MORRISBURG. Lieuts. Sicoth and Hickman have a target of $70, which they expect to make "smitherenes."

At COBOURG Ensign Kendall and Lieut. Owen have their plans laid whereby their target of $50 is to be secured.

PORT HOPE. Capt. Hill and Lieut. Bacon are not behind their target of $85.

BRIGHTON. Capt. Findlay is alone, but she will reach her target of $35 all the same.

TRENTON. Capt. and Mrs. Bearchell have a target of $45, which they are determined to get.

MONTREAL I (French corps). Adjt. Robert and Ensign Yerex have a target of $100, which they will smash.

QUEBEC has a target of $400, which the conquering Parker and Captain Banks will succeed in raising.

KINGSTON. Adjt. and Mrs. McAmmond will let no effort be spared to raise their target of $350.

GANANOQUE. Capt. McIntyre and Lieut. McFarlane will succeed in raising their target of $65.

ODESSA has a target of $35, and Capt. Nyland is bound to win.

NAPANEE has a target of $50. Capt. Yeoman, assisted by Lieut. Woods, will report victory.

SUNBURY. Capt. Crego has a target of $55 which she will doubtless capture.

MONTREAL I. has a target of $700. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt and Capt. Liddell will come off more than conquerors.

MONTREAL II. (Point St. Charles). Capts. Michael and Lalonde will spare no pains to raise their target of $110.

MONTREAL IV., the renowned "Roe Beef's," has a target of $300. Ensign Collier should succeed in smashing his target all right.

OTTAWA. Adjt. Goodwin and Capt. Connors have a target of $350. The Adjt. will score an S.-D. triumph.

PEMBROKE. Capt. and Lieut. Williams will unitedly plan and work to raise their target of $85.

RENFREW. Capt. Comstock and Lieut. Brookets have a target of $63, which we have great faith they will raise.

ARNPRIOR has a target of $115. Capt. Stainforth and Lieut. Randall will be desperate to secure this amount.

PETERBORO. Adjt. Aikenhead and Capt. French have a target of $350, and this corps is too well known for its ability to raise money for us to doubt their getting it.

CAMPBELLFORD has a target of $80. Capt. and Mrs. Brindley are in for victory.

MILLBROOK. Capt. DeWitta and Lieut. O'Neil are filled with determination to raise their target of $55.

PERTH. Ensign Staigers and Capt. Vance hold the reins here and will lead on their braves to success.

KEMPTVILLE. Capt. Magee and Lieut. Dawson have a target of $65, which we have every hope for them succeeding in getting.

SHERBROOKE. Adjt. Ogilvie and Lieut. Brown have a target of $100. They are turning every stone to get.

COATICOOKE. Lieuts. Tuck and Ludlam have a target of $40 facing them. They are young officers, but I am sure will show themselves capable of hitting their target all right.

ST. JOHNSBURY. Capt. McNanney, assisted by Lieut. Young, have a target of $65. This is the first Self-Denial Effort this corps is doing, but we look for great things.

NEWPORT. Here Capt. Patten is having quite a little struggle on her Lieutenant has been taken down with typhoid fever. They have a target of $65.

There are several corps whose targets are about the same, i.e., Ottawa, Peterboro and Kingston. We are wondering who will take the first place in the amount raised. There are also Barre, Vt., Brockville, Montreal III. and Sherbrooke, with a target of $100 each, while Picton, Cornwall, Montreal II. and Arnprior are almost on a level.

We shall watch the fight with the keenest interest, and see who shall prove themselves champions.

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

We are Rising — Southall's Seagram Leads Still—Gaskin's Nigger Close Behind—Eastern Star Keeps Third—Bennett's Mag Stationary Good for Howell—Even with McMillan—Newfoundland Coming on.

The Hero of the Boom still leads on, his thorough-bred steed shows only her tail to the madly rushing six following behind. Spiendid!

*

What snorts are those? There comes a coal-black horse with distented nostrels and foaming mouth—it is Gaskin's nigger. Seven behind—seven more hustlers—can it be done?

*

There is no immediate danger that Southall nor Gaskin will be driven out of the two top places. The fight for supremacy will be fought out between the Central's and West Ontario's braves.

*

Pugmire holds the third place with fifty hustlers, close pushed by Bennett with 46. It will be a tug-of-war between these two rivals. Pugmire and Collier is rather a heavy combination for Bennett and Rawling to beat.

*

Howell comes prominently to the front with 23, which places him level with McMillan. It is quite within possibility that the Pacific may yet develope into a record-breaker. Sharp's domain is also steadily increasing its hustlers, even though it be but slowly. So altogether, Harry Hustler feels a little easier this week, but in no way satisfied.

*

The prizes? Oh, yes. The Board has not been sitting up to the moment of writing these notes. The Anniversary has somewhat thrown the Board members behind in their work. I shall soon be able to mention the results.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

72 Hustlers.

MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
CAPT. HELLMAN, London	165
SISTER J. COUCH, Stratford	150
ENSIGN A. GAMBLE, Petrolia	145
ENSIGN M. COLLETT, Brantford	130
LIEUT. E. M. HOCKIN, Brantford	115
CAPT. HOLLETT, Strathroy	105
SERGT.-MAJOR ROCK, Chatham	100
SERGT. G. CRAFFT, Chatham	100
LIEUT. N. HORWOOD, Sarnia	100
Sergt. A. Carlie, Ridgetown	85
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	77
Ensign H. Scott, Galt	76
Lieut. Pickle, Walkerburg	72
Capt. Mathers, Guelph	71
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg	70
Capt. W. A. Cockerill, Forest	65
Ensign Dean, Hespeler	63
Capt. Slote, Ingersoll	60
Lieut. Beach, Seaforth	60
Lieut. Carr, Dresden	60
Lieut. Bonny, Bothwell	60
Capt. Crawford, Leamington (av. 2 wks)	54
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	50
Adjt. Coombs, London	50
Sergt. McDougal, Goderich	50
Sister Brindley, Goderich	50
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton	50
Sergt.-Major Nelson, Tilbury	50
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	49
Sergt. F. Palmer, London	47
Sister M. Shuster, Berlin	45
Capt. Pell, Palmerston	45
Sergt.-Major Graham, Bothwell	45
Capt. A. Patterson, Galt	45
Sergt. Love, Scaforth	44

Old Guzzle: "What! ME give up some luxury for a WHOLE WEEK? Self-Denial, forsooth! When shall we hear the last of these visionary fanatics?"

Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	40
Sister M. Fritchley, Listowel	40
Sergt.-Major Allen, Mitchell	40
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	40
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	40
Capt. M. Gibson, Sarnia	35
Sergt. Palmer, Blenheim	35
Ensign Raynor, Paris	35
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	30
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	30
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London	30
Sister Rumble, Blenheim	30
Bro. M. Brown, Wallaceburg	29
Sergt.-Major Scott, Guelph	29
Capt. Heley, Essex	28
Capt. Coe, Essex	28
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	28
Lieut. Winter, Goderich	26
Lieut. Peers, Bothwell	25
Capt. Dowell, Tilbury	25
Lieut. Baird, Listowel	25
Sister Buchanan, Brantford	25
Lieut. Peers, Bothwell	25
Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim	25
Sister A. Thompson, Sarnia	25
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	24
Sister M. Green, Ridgetown	22
Bro. O. Crank, Leamington	22
Bro. A. Pinnell, London	20
Sister G. Cheeseman, London	20
Lieut. Burrows, Paris	20
Mrs. C. Bell, Palmerston	20
Sister L. Cameron, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Levings, Ingersoll	20
Bro. Wm. Downey, Ridgetown	20
Sergt.-Major Rose, Hespeler	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

65 Hustlers.

SISTER PEARCE, Temple	122
ENSIGN H. CAMERON, Riverside	100
SERGT.-MAJOR DYKER, Orillia	100
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	90
Bro. Dixon, Temple	88
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	85
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	80
Lieut. Howcroft, Parry Sound	70
Sister Medlock, Temple	70
Capt. Clink, Collingwood	60
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	60
Capt. McClelland, Midland	55
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	55
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	55
Sergt.-Major Bell, St. Catharines	55
Sister Currell, Temple	53
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	50
Cadet Levitt, Richmond St.	50
Capt. Lewis, Kinmount	50
Capt. O'Neil, Fenelon Falls	50
Sergt. A. Stickells, Lisgar St.	46
Sergt. Gardiner, Orillia	46
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	45
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	45
Mrs. Theisley, Little Current	41
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket	41
Mrs. Cassmon, Hamilton I.	38
Cadet Kilty, Richmond St.	37
Capt. Colbert, Uxbridge	37
Sergt. Mrs. Bowbler, Lisgar St.	37
Sergt.-Major Bradley, Temple	35
Capt. Smith, Dundas	35
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas	35
Capt. Hanna, Hamilton II.	35
Lieut. Leddard, Gravenhurst	35
Cadet Thompson, Richmond St.	32
Capt. Wm. White, Oakville	30
Cadet Bone, Lippincott	28
Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	27
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I.	27
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	27
Capt. A. Nelson, Omemee	26
Sister Houlton, Temple	25
Sister McQuaig, Temple	25
Capt. Tinney, Aurora	25
Lieut. Titus, Aurora	25
Sergt. A. Porter, Sudbury	25
Sergt.-Major Trickey, Sudbury	25
Sister M. Donaldson, Lisgar St.	25
Capt. Rowe, Yorkville	24
Lieut. Pencock, Yorkville	24
Capt. White, Huntsville	23
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	23
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville	22
Bro. G. Stanton, Hamilton I.	22
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket	22
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	20
Sergt.-Major Reynolds, Stroud	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	20
Sergt. Thompson, Sudbury	20
Sergt. M. Stickells, Lisgar St.	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sister H. Pennd, St. Catharines	20
Bro. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

ENSIGN WALKER, Belleville	150
CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	144
MRS. ADJT. McAMMOND, Kingston	126
LIEUT. SLEETH, Morrisburg	105
SERGT.-MAJOR PERKINS, Barre, Vt.	105
SERGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa	104
Ensign Parker, Quebec	97
Capt. French, Peterboro	85
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	80
Lieut. Dawson, Kemptville	77
Capt. Hollett, Norwich	75
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa	72
Sister Newell, Prescott	70
Capt. Norman, Napanee	70
Capt. Magee, Kemptville	66
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Picton	63
Lieut. M. Woods, Napanee	60
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	55
Lieut. Williams, Pembroke	55
Sister Simmons, Kingston	52
Adjt. Blackburn, Picton	52
Lieut. Randall, Arnprior	51
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	48
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	40
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Trenton	40
Lieut. Latimer, Brighton	38
Mrs. Miller, Lakefield	35
Capt. Batten, Bloomfield	35
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	33
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	32
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	30
Sister L. Phelps, Picton	28
Bro. Veals, Barrie, Vt.	27
Sister Waugh, Ottawa	26
Bro. Hersey, Barre, Vt.	25
Sister M. Suddard, Kingston	25
Sister B. McNanny, Kingston	25
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	25
Sister N. Werry, Peterboro	25
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Comstock, Peterboro	20
Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	20
Mrs. Sturmey, Picton	20
Sister Ida Fulford, Brighton	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20

SERGT. E. DEARLING, Hespeler.
(Sells 40 War Cries weekly.)

EASTERN PROVINCE.

50 Hustlers.

CAPT. ALLEN, Westville	260
CAPT. A. HORWOOD, Charlottetown	244
SISTER M. GRAHAM, Halifax I.	150
CAPT. J. BOWERING, Glace Bay	132
CAND. D. LONG, Pictou	123
CAPT. C. SABINE, New Glasgow	120
SERGT.-MAJOR VENO, Halifax II	119
CAPT. J. GREEN, Yarmouth	100
SERGT. M. SMITH, Windsor	100
Capt. Pittman, Sydney	86
Cadet Deakin, Fredericton	82
Capt. A. Hutt, Sussex	81
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III	75
Sergt. C. Wangham, Charlottetown	70
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springhill Mines	65
Lieut. McIvor, St. Stephen	69
Lieut. Davis, Canning	53
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Adjt. Magee, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock	50
Bro. G. Wambolt, Halifax I.	48
Cand. Urquhart, Springhill Mines	45
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Parrsboro	45
Sergt. J. Irons, Windsor	41
Lieut. La Sety, Carleton	40
Sergt.-Major Harding, Yarmouth	40
Sister B. Perrey, Yarmouth	40
Lieut. Grey, Houlton, Me.	40
Sister S. Lehane, Fredericton	38
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	37
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	36
Sergt. Faulkner, Windsor	35
Capt. Thompson, Halifax II.	31
Sergt.-Major Chandler, St. John III.	31
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	31
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. Stephen	30
Sister S. Pitcher, Sydney	30
Mrs. Pettis, Springhill Mines	29
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	28
Mrs. Williams, New Glasgow	27
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.	25
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax II.	25
Sergt. Moose, Windsor	25
Cadet Dunscombe, Fredericton	24
Lieut. Held, Kentville	22
Sister Ada Andrews, Houlton, Me.	20
Sister S. Holden, Windsor	20
Sergt. Holden, Windsor	20
Sister B. Whalen, Windsor	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.

CADET FLOYD, Vancouver	127
CAPT. NOBLE, Anaconda	122
CAPT. KRELL, Nelson	116
CAPT. BONNETTO, Helena	110
Lieut. Gain, Billings	86
Capt. Crowding, Revelstoke	86
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Kalispell	77
Capt. Haas, Lewiston	60
Capt. Thorkildson, Nanaimo	60
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace	58
Capt. Meredith, Vancouver	55
Sister Gerrow, Nanaimo	50
Capt. Southall, Billings	50
Capt. B. Hooker, Wallace	41
Cadet Long Lewiston	40
Ensign Stanbury, Anaconda	27
Sister A. Powell, New Whatcom	23
Treas. M. Bury, New Whatcom	23
Capt. Arnold, Trail	26
Sister L. Farsbury, Anaconda	23
Capt. Lacey, Kalispell	22
Sister E. Glen, Helena	20
Cadet Brown, Trail	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.

ENSIGN HAYES, Regina	162
CADET CURTIS, Winnipeg	120
Lieut. Burlog, Moose Jaw	89
Sister A. McNabb, Portage la Prairie	75
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	70
Capt. LeDrew, Jamestown	70
Capt. A. Hurst, Lethbridge	63
Ensign E. Hayes, Fargo	56
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	49
Lieut. Clark, Minot	48
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	47
Sister S. Craswell, Valley City	45
Cand. M. Hoepfner, Valley City	43
Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Rat Portage	42
Lieut. Clark, Fargo	38
Cadet Forsby, Rat Portage	32
Capt. Elliott, Virden	31
Capt. Habkirk, Portage la Prairie	30
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	27
Sergt. Johaneen, Winnipeg	25
Cadet Bland, Rat Portage	24
Sergt. O. Potter, Oakes, N. D.	20
Sergt. O. Potter, Oakes, N. D.	23

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

12 Hustlers.

Sergt. Chiles, St. Johns I.	50
Capt. Moulton, Clarenville	46
Cadet Trask, St. John I.	40
Lieut. Lainsbury, St. Johns II.	40
Cadet Keatly, St. Johns I.	36
Cadet Crew, St. Johns II.	36
Sergt. Peckham, St. Johns I.	30
Sister L. Liston, St. Johns II.	27
Lieut. Pugh, St. Johns I.	25
Capt. Bishop, St. Johns I.	25
Capt. Berry, St. Johns I.	20
Lieut. Newhook, St. Johns I.	20

YARMOUTH, N. S.—Have had grand times of late in our little hall (below the main barracks) which has been sheathed, painted and put in order for the Junior and private meetings, at the expense of $54. About $25 was promised in freewill offering. Had special holiness and soldiers' meetings in the hall last week. God came very near, and about twenty-one came forward, some seeking cleansing, and others especially feeling their need of God's help. One woman, who got saved a few weeks ago, came out for a clean heart, and got it; then went home, prayed and read God's word until about 2 o'clock in the morning. Cadet Green has arrived to assist Adjt. Miller, and is going in to boom the War Cry.—A. E. M.

Self-Denial! No, not for me, thank you!

An Iron Pillar.

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER IX.

A LADY of rank, whom I visited, took a particular liking for me. This lady began to be touched with the sense of God. Wanting once to take me to the play, I refused to go. Insisting to know my sentiment of plays, I told her I entirely disapproved of them, especially for a Christian. What I said made such an impression, she never went again.

Once when my husband and I took a journey together, we all might have perished in a river. The rest in a desperate fright threw themselves out of the coach, which sunk in the moving sand. I did not once think of danger. God delivered me from it without my thought of avoiding it.

As my husband's maladies daily increased, he resolved to go to St. Reine. He desired none but me with him, and told me: "If they never spoke to me against you, I should be more easy, and you more happy." Having now no children but the first-born son, who was often at the gates of death, he wished exceedingly for heirs, and prayed for them earnestly. God granted his desire, and gave me a second son. As I was several weeks without anyone daring to speak to me, on account of my great weakness, it was a time of retreat and silence. God took a new possession of me. It was a time of continual joy. As I had experienced many inward difficulties, weaknesses, and withdrawings of my love, it was a new life. I was in the fruition of beatitude. It was preparative to a total privation of comfort for several years, which began with the death of Mrs. Granger, who had been my only consolation under God.

It was the most afflicting stroke I had ever felt. I thought, had I been with her at her death, I might have received her last instructions, but God so ordered it that I was deprived of her assistance in almost all my losses, in order to render the strokes more painful.

My brother now openly showed his hatred. He married at Orleans, and my husband went to his marriage, though he was in poor health, the roads bad, and much covered with snow. Yet, far from appearing obliged by his politeness, my brother quarrelled with him more than ever, without any reason, and I was the butt of both their resentments.

After this there fell out a perplexing affair. To us it caused great crosses, and seemed designed for nothing else. A person conceived so much malice against my husband, he was determined to ruin him by entering into a private engagement with my brother, by which he obtained power to demand in the name of the king's brother, two hundred thousand livres, which he pretended my brother and I owed him. My brother signed the processes, upon an assurance that he should not pay anything. I think he did not understand. This affair so chagrined my husband that it shortened his days. He was so angry with me, though I was innocent, that he could not speak but in fury. He would give me no light into the affair. In the height of his rage, he said he would not meddle with it, but give me my portion, and let me live as I could; with many other things still more grating. My brother would not suffer anything to be done. The day the trial was to come on, after prayer, I felt strongly pressed to go to the judges. I was wonderfully assisted to discover and unravel all the turns and artifices of this affair, without knowing how I could have been able to do it. The first judge was so surprised to see the affair so different from what he had thought it before, that he himself exhorted me to go to the other judges. God enabled me to manifest the truth in so clear a light they saw the falsehood of every point. They would have condemned the plaintiff to pay the costs, if he had not been so great a prince, who lent his name to the scheme. To save the honor of the prince, they ordered us to pay him fifty crowns. Hereby the two hundred thousand livres were reduced to one hundred and fifty. My husband was exceeding pleased with what I had done; but my brother appeared as outrageous against me, as if I had caused him some great loss. Thus ended an affair, which appeared so weighty and alarming.

PEOPLE OFTEN WANT TO DIRECT GOD, INSTEAD OF RESIGNING THEMSELVES TO BE DIRECTED BY HIM. To show Him a way, instead of passively following where He leads. Hence, many called to enjoy God Himself, and not barely His gifts, spend all their lives in running after little consolations, and making their happiness to consist therein.

As my husband drew near his end, his distempers had no intermission. No sooner was he recovered from one but he fell into another. He bore great pains with much patience, offering them to God, and making a good use of them. Yet his anger towards me increased, because reports were multiplied to him, and those about him did nothing but vex him. The maid, who used to torment me, sometimes took pity on me. She came as soon as I was gone into my closet, and said, "Come to my master, that your mother-in-law may not speak any more against you."

At our country home, a little place of retreat before the chapel was built, I retired for prayer to woods and caverns. God preserved me from dangerous and venomous beasts. Sometimes, unawares, I kneeled upon serpents, there in great plenty; and they fled away without doing me harm. Once I was alone in a little wood, where was a mad bull; but without offering me the least hurt, he betook himself to flight. If I could recount all the providences of God it would appear wonderful. They were so frequent and continual, I could but be astonished at them. God everlastingly gives to such as have nothing to repay Him.

At last, after passing twelve years and four months in the crosses of marriage, as great as possible, except poverty, which I never knew, though I had much desired it, my husband's illness grew more obstinate. He apprehended the approach of death, and watched for it, so oppressive was the languishing life he dragged on. To other ills was added so great a dislike to nourishment that he did not take enough to sustain life. I alone had the courage to get him to take what he did. The doctor advised him to go into the country. There for a few days he seemed better, when he was suddenly taken with a complication of diseases. His patience increased with his pain. I saw he could not live long. It was a great trouble to me, that my mother-in-law kept me from him as much as she could, and infused into his mind such a displeasure against me; I was afraid he would die in it. I took a little time when she was not with him, and kneeling said if I had ever done anything that displeased him I begged his pardon, assuring him it had not been voluntary. He was much affected, and as he had just come out of a sound sleep, said to me, "It is I who beg your pardon. I did not deserve you." After that he was not only pleased to see me, but gave me advice what I should do after his death; not to depend on the people on whom I now depended. He was for eight days resigned and patient, though on account of the gangrene, he was cut and opened with a lance. I sent to Paris for the most skillful surgeon; but when he arrived my husband was dead.

No mortal could die in a more Christian disposition, or with more courage. I was not present when he expired, for out of tenderness he bade me retire. He was above twenty hours unconscious and in agonies of death. Thou didst order, O my God, that he should die on Magdanene's eve, to show me I was to be wholly Thine. I renewed every year, on Magdalene's day, the marriage-contract which I made to Thee, my Lord; and I found myself at that time free to renew it, and that most solemnly. It was in the morning of July 21st, 1676, that he died.

I was much exhausted; for though I was but recently delivered of my daughter. I attended and sat up with my husband four and twenty nights before his death. I was more than a year recovering the fatigue, joined to my great weakness and pain, both of body and mind. The great depression and stupidity I was in, was such I could not say a word about God. It bore me down in such a manner I could hardly speak.

JUST A WORD.

IF WE PLEASE YOU—TELL OTHERS
IF NOT—TELL US.

WHAT a hustle and a bustle!—what a crowded place was the Territorial Headquarters during the October Meetings—at our Sixteenth Birthday. Write your Provincial Officer, or drop us a card, and we will satisfy your inquiry. The Winter is fast approaching, and Christmas will soon come our way. You know we have the best lines in **SUITINGS AND DRESS GOODS** that will make you look like new creatures—as well as other uniform to fit you out complete for the festive season approaching. Don't put it off! Get some new piece of Uniform especially to celebrate Christmas and the New Year.

We know you are not selfish—you want to make some little presents to your friends, and also to your own household. **A GOOD BIBLE** is a thing that is highly appreciated. We have the S. A. Bible with red cover and gilt crest on the back. We say S. A. Bible—that does not mean that it is any different from the one you have been using, excepting that it is better. Price, $3.50. Then there is the Bible with the Salvation Army Song Book, especially bound for us by the Oxford people—it is a beauty and costs $3.00. Then our **SONG BOOK**, newly bound in Morocco, with yapped edges, in black, red and brown, $1.00. Another kind of binding, strong leather and beautiful design, 50 cents. Besides we have the writings of **THE GENERAL** and **THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH**, to stir the heart. This is the kind to get. And then we have quite an assortment of **Texts and Mottoes** and other articles that will come in handy.

In all, remember that in buying from us you get fair value and the net profits go to HELP SAVE THE WORLD.

God bless you!

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

TRADE SCRAPS.

I received my suit. Its all o. k. I am well pleased with it. Thanks for promptness.—R. H. B.

My Tunic to hand, and extremely pleased with it. Also noticed that you were very prompt in sending it, etc.—C. R.

My uniform received all o. k. and fits to perfection. I am well pleased.—E. F. B.

The coat is just the thing. I like it very much.—J. B. G.

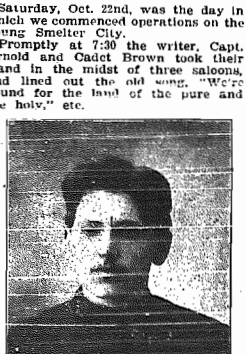
Dear Major Horn,—I received the watch safely, with guarantee. I think it is a splendid article, and am quite satisfied to keep it, as it is exactly what I wanted. If it costs more than $16, let me know and I will send balance of amount. Believe me to be, yours faithfully, B. W. S.

MARCHING ON.

One More Opening in British Columbia—Trail Bombarded.

Saturday, Oct. 22nd, was the day in which we commenced operations on the young Smelter City.

Promptly at 7:30 the writer, Capt. Arnold and Cadet Brown took their stand in the midst of three saloons, and lined out the old song, "We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy," etc.



CAPTAIN ARNOLD, Trail, B.C.

A large appreciative crowd eagerly drank in the words that were spoken, and also gave financial assistance. Many followed to the barracks, where we held a real successful opening meeting.

Sunday all day we kept up a fusillade both inside and out, and although no visible results were seen, yet the meetings were telling.

Monday our comrades from Rossland came over to assist us. The Staff-Captain explained at some length the workings of the S. A., and charged the officers to be faithful to God and walk in and out among the people as prophets of the Most High.

The hotel keeper very kindly entertained the officers during the opening campaign, free of charge. The universal opinion, as expressed, is "We are glad you have come."

A nice building has been secured at a cheap rent for barracks and quarters and we predict that ere long the S. A. will have a body of fighting men and women in the town of Trail.—W. J. T.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

WE ALL SING FROM THE CRY.

Holiness

Tune.—Moment by moment.

(The tune, "Keep on believing, Jesus is near," might also be used with a little adaptation.)

1 Lord, Thou art questioning, "Lovest thou Me?"
"Yes, Lord, Thou knowest," my answer must be;
And since love's value is proved by love's test,
Freely I'll give Thee my dearest and best.

Thou knowest all things, my heart Thou canst read,
Master, Thou knowest I love Thee indeed,
Ask what Thou wilt, my devotion to test,
I will surrender my dearest and best.

How could'st Thou smile on me, if in my heart
I was unwilling from treasure to part?
Since my redemption cost Thee such a price,
Utmost surrender alone will suffice.

Thine was a life from self-seeking apart;
"Offered for others," was burnt on Thy heart.
Not mine own ends, but Thy Kingdom to aid,
Cost what it will, Lord, the price shall be paid.

Self-Denial

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city (S.M., II., 62).

2 How much can you suffer for Jesus?
In His service how much will you lose?
At His cross will you still kneel, adoring,
And the cross which He gives you refuse.

Chorus.

I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord!
I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to praise;
Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner upraise.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the same;
Would you seek to gain by His sufferings,
Whilst shrinking to share in His shame?

How much will you suffer for Jesus
In the way to the crown He will give?
There are cruel deceivers and slanderers;
A life on these terms will you live?

As smitten, and yet not "forsaken;"
"Not destroyed," though often "cast down,"
As "truthful," yet counted "deceivers,"
Our God will our characters crown!

Free-and-Easy.

Tune.—Steadily forward march (B.J. 73. M.S., II., 54).

3 Salvation is our motto,
Salvation is our song,
And round the wide, wide world,
We'll send the cry along;
Yes, Jesus is the sinner's Friend,
The Bible tells us so;
Their many sins He will forgive,
And wash them white as snow.

Chorus.

Steadily forward march,
To Jesus we will bring
Sinners of every kind,
And He will take them in
The black and white as well,
It doesn't matter who,
We'll bring them in with all their sin,
He'll wash them white as now.

All to His cross I am bringing,
All at His service I place;
Simply to Jesus I'm clinging,
Fear now all conquered by grace.
Free from all ties that would hinder,
My soul at last finds its rest;
Having the love of my Saviour,
Richly indeed I am blest.

Wonderful grace He is giving,
Grace all my wants that can meet:
His joy my soul too is filling,
While I bend low at His feet:
Down at his cross I am living,
Finding it bliss there to be;
There I true peace I am receiving,
While He is speaking to me.

Backsliders.

Tune.—How will you do? (B.J. 174, 3).

4 Have you not succeeded yet?
Try, try again!
Mercy's door is open set,
Try, try again!
Yours is not a single case,
Others have the same to face,
All your trust on Jesus place,
Try, try again!

Something surely lurks within,
Try, try again!
Some beloved, besetting sin,
Try, try again!
Give up every plea beside,
"I am lost, but Christ has died,"
Then the Blood will be applied,
Try, try again!

Do not say, "I've tried before,"
Try, try again!
Never give the contest o'er,
Try, try again!
Some have been as bad as you,
But the Lord has brought them through,
It may be the same with you,
Try, try again!

War.

Tune.—We are marching o'er the regions (B.J. 61, 1).

5 We are marching o'er the regions,
Where the slavery of sin
Is enforced by hellish legions,
But we'll fight and we shall win.
Step by step we march along,
Never daunting, fearing none;
True liberty from self and Satan,
Is our song.

Chorus.

With sword and shield we take the field,
We're not afraid to die
While the banner of the Cross is waving o'er us!
We raise on high our battle cry,
And all hell's power defy,
Scattered by our ranks the foe falls down before us.
March on! March on!
Heed not the battle's roar:
March on! March on!
There's a crown when the battle's o'er.

Have you heard the voice of weeping,
Have you heard the wail of woe;
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh, heed the world's great need!
To save the lost by Self-Denial,
Forward speed!

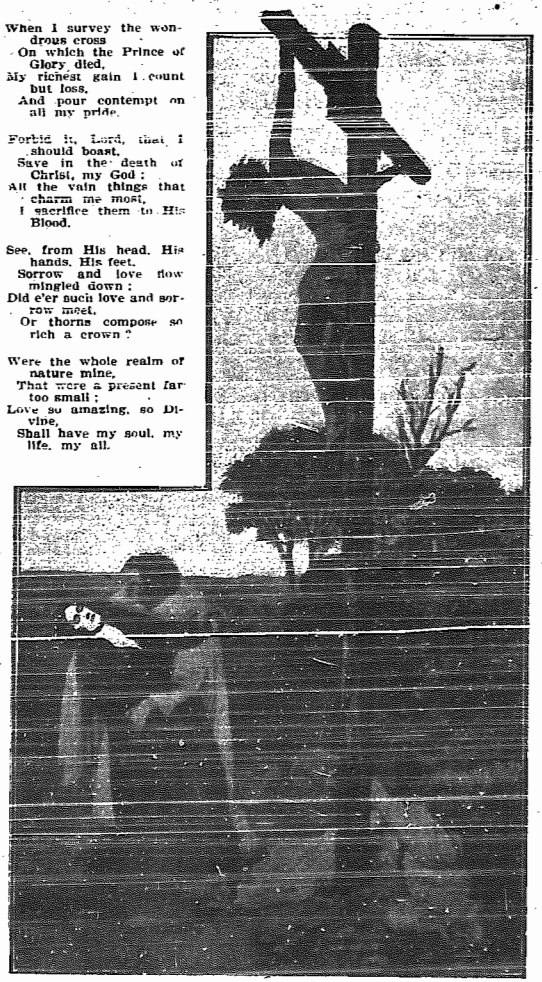
THE SUPREME SELF-SACRIFICE.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.



The Territorial Secretary,

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

CALGARY, Wednesday, November 18.
VANCOUVER, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19, 20, 21.
NEW WESTMINSTER, Tues., Nov. 22.
VICTORIA, Wed. and Thur., Nov. 23, 24.
SPOKANE, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Nov. 27, 28, 29.
NELSON, Wed., Nov. 30.
MISSOULA, Fri., Dec. 2.
BUTTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3, 4, 5.
HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.
LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.
BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.
JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11, 12.
GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.
FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

MRS. BRIGADIER READ,
Women's Social Secretary,
will visit

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10, 11, 12.
St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.
Burlington, Thurs., Dec. 15.
Barre, Fri., Dec. 16.
Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues., Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new Women's Shelter.)

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